LOOKING FORWARD

How long the depression will last and what can be done to hasten its departure continue to be the two absorbing topics of conversation in the country. Offices, stores, clubs, restaurants, pullman cars and section shanties all resound to the argument, which varies from pleasant suggestions that Mr. Ford and Mr. Mellon give away their money (a hasty calculation proves to us that we personally would get around eight cents), to the serious suggestion that legalizing beer again would put a million and a half men to work, use great quantities of grain, and bring back prosperity.

Well, undoubtedly such a move would be productive of minor good results. Laboring men might take the place of bootleggers. While grapes might suffer at the expense of wheat, the corruption and racketeering of prohibition would be cut somewhat and a certain degree of prosperity and stability achieved. But that is probably all. Real prosperity can no more be brought about by doing away with prohibition, than real prosperity was produced because of prohibition. Prohibition is a question of government, not of economics.

In fact, it is a "two-pants" depression, says Bruce Barton, well-known advertising man. And he is probably right. By the time your old suits are worn out and that knock in your engine compels you to buy a new car, the depression will be over. For once production is cut down, it is only a question of time until a new demand appears, and then—good-bye depression. Based on such calculations, next spring ought to see the beginning of a new decade of prosperity.

Certainly, with such a prospect it behooves those of us who want to lead the next procession to prepare now. For once things have started up again, it may be too late to outdistance competition. Meanwhile, our lesson has been severe enough to guarantee the utmost exertion in the next ten years to diagnose and cure business depressions.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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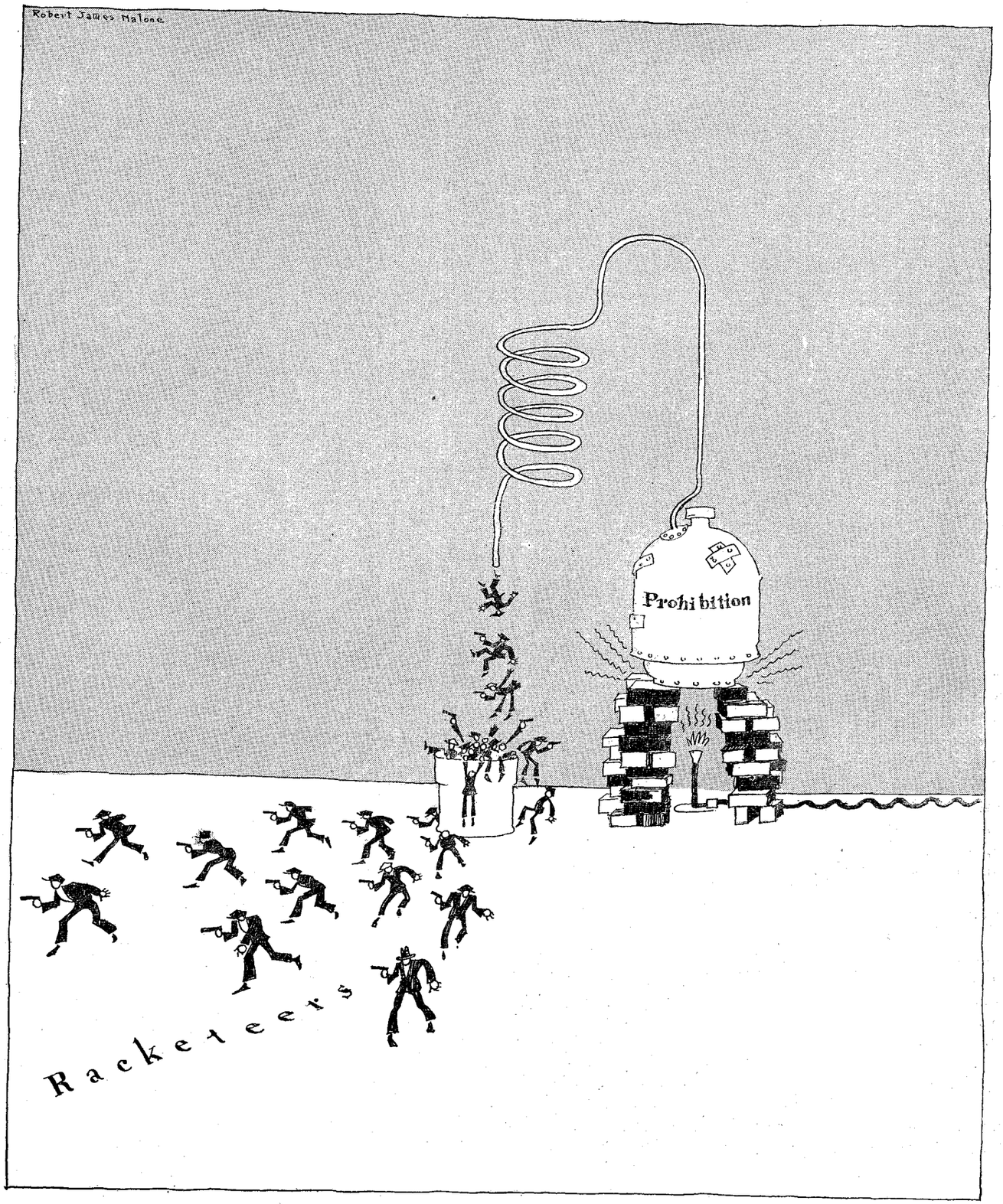

UNCLE SAM'S HOME BREW

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

December 3, 1930

The Trend of Events

The Board Grows Bolder

TWO weeks ago, the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals announced that, if the Republican party came out for repeal or modification, drys who supported Hoover in 1928 would feel that they had been betrayed and would be bitterly resentful. This was simply a warning to Mr. Hoover and his party that if either about-faced on prohibition the drys would bolt in 1932. The board now puts the warning more bluntly. Apparently it takes Democratic wetness for granted. It therefore declares that, if Mr. Hoover and the Republicans become either wet or moist, the drys will form a new political party. It adds that "Any one who thinks we would not oppose President Hoover if he reverses his prohibition stand, just as quickly as we opposed Mr. Smith in 1928, is badly mistaken."

It may surprise you to learn that we applaud this statement as clean, honest and effective politics. We have no patience with wets who whine that this organized dry minority is attempting to dictate to the President and to the larger political party. Of course it is. So are many other organized minorities. That is the way of our political system. It is up to the wets, not to bemoan the board's ultimatum, but to imitate it. The statement by the board shows once again that drys are drys first and party men second. Wets, too, must be wets first and party men second. It is utterly futile to talk wet and vote for dry candidates. As soon as the anti-prohibition organizations are able to say that if either party is dry the wets will bolt it, and that if both are dry the wets will form a party of their own—as soon as they are able to say this, and to prove it, prohibition will be on the way out.

Anti-Crime Drives

WHAT, SPECIFICALLY, are New York and Chicago doing in their well-advertised drives* against gangster-racketeers?

In New York, District Attorney Crain is bringing racketeer cases before grand juries and has asked scores of prominent citizens—bearers of "big names" with high publicity value—to form a committee of public safety for the destruction of racketeer rule, which he defines as "the domination of organized lawlessness over legitimate business." He points out that, like their brethren elsewhere, that city's racketeers have invaded many lines of business, using violence and threats of violence to secure direct or indirect tribute, confident that their intimidated victims will refuse to testify against them. Mr. Crain insists that at their first meeting the prominent citizens made concrete suggestions—he doesn't say what they were—and outlined a program of action which will be followed.

In Chicago, the police continue to arrest public enemies on charges of vagrancy, which is a good deal like attacking a fort with a Flit gun. Furthermore, the business-men members of the Chicago Association of Commerce are emptying their pockets into an anti-crime war chest and gathering evidence of the hook-up between the police and the big shots of the underworld. Finally, state, county, municipal and private law enforcement officers in the Chicago area have formed an alliance to unify methods of combating crime.

These moves are of little immediate importance. The action of the federal government in Chicago is a different story. Six months ago, federal agents from the Justice, Treasury and Labor Departments were ordered to use every available federal law to drive the gangster out of business—such laws as those forbidding the traffic in intoxicants, narcotics and prostitutes, or those statutes dealing with stolen automobiles, interference with interstate commerce and evasion of income taxes. Jack Guzik, Capone lieutenant, is the latest to be convicted under the income tax law.

Now Attorney General Mitchell announces that the government is prepared to fortify its activities in Chicago and to extend similar assistance to any other city which requests it. A nation-wide drive against the prohibition-bred gangster and racketeer seems to be definitely on the calendar.

*See editorial on Page 530.

Rejection Slip

POSSIBLY for the first time since his thin Yankee drawl rose above the noise of the Boston police strike, certainly for the first time since he became a writer at a dollar a word, the authors of America as a body are interested in Calvin Coolidge. Mr. Coolidge has had a rejection slip. His 500-word history of the United States, to be carved on Mt. Rushmore, has been turned down.

To be sure, reports of the incident were worded kindly. Gutzon Borglum, they said, had edited Coolidge's text and

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Coolidge had withdrawn it, but a rejection is a rejection and all authors know it.

What they would like to know now are the intimate, friendly details which bind all writers into brotherhood. For instance, how long did the National Memorial Commission keep the manuscript before sending it back? Was it sent with a personal letter, a form letter or a card reading, "With the regrets of the National Memorial Commission"? Was the rejection on paper or did Gutzon Borglum carve it on a stone slab?

And then, how did Coolidge receive his first rejection? Did he thriftily set about cutting the manuscript down for a syndicate article or padding it out for *Cosmopolitan?* Did it make him feel blue, so that he flung it down on the breakfast table and rushed outdoors without a hat to try and walk off his depression? Or did he immediately hunt up two fresh envelopes, fold the stamped, self-addressed one inside, and mail the darned thing off to some other mountain?

▶▶*Interview with Stalin*

INCONSPICUOUSNESS is an established policy with Joseph Stalin, sly, shrewd and unpretentious dictator of Soviet Russia. An Oriental at heart as in gesture, Stalin won his way to Lenin's position by diplomatic methods rather than by parading and making speeches. As secretary-general of the Central Communist Party, he has preferred to speak softly and rule anonymously. Yet, like Roosevelt, whom he resembles in broad smile, flashing teeth and shaggy mustache, he carries a tremendously big stick. Hence the importance of the interview with Stalin on November 23, the first granted to the foreign press of the western world, the first in four years to any newspaper.

Eugene Lyons, Moscow correspondent of the United Press, was startled by the informality of his reception, the atmosphere of intimacy pervading Soviet headquarters, the good nature, sympathy and kindliness of the man whom Lenin termed "crude." Lyons found Stalin dressed in a loose-fitting, semi-military outfit of khaki. As the two sat in the plainly furnished office near the gaudy Kremlin of Tzars, Stalin spoke in his hard, brittle, unrhythmic voice. When the two had had tea and Lyons had gone to his typewriter, the Russian had said a good deal.

Stalin had laughed at recent reports of his assassination, at the disarmament conference at Geneva, at charges of Soviet dumping and forced labor. He had declared that, if the Soviet Union cannot establish political ties, it "at least desires to strengthen its economic ties with America." He had spoken of the mutual advantages of increased trade with America and said that he had tried to effect a business-like settlement of Russia's 675 million dollar debt to the United States. He had maintained that the world need not fear Russian exports, except for wheat. "For many years our home market will absorb all we can manufacture and a lot more."

Wide World

KING WITHOUT A COUNTRY

The eighteen-year-old Otto II, heir to the throne of the Hapsburgs

Stalin displayed little interest in the world revolution. "Prospects good," he said, apparently without much conviction. On the whole, he projects himself through the interview as a responsible and uncommonly able official talking common sense which deserves a careful hearing in the United States.

▶▶*Boy Who Would Be King*

IT MAY happen that, wandering around Louvain University on your trip abroad next year, you will encounter a handsome young man who looks like a king. That will be Otto II, King of Hungary and Emperor of Austria. So bow, scrape and pull your forelock.

But do not grow sentimental as you return to your hotel and drink to this exiled Hapsburg, son of the late Charles I, whose empire is a republic, whose kingdom has been ruled these ten years by a regent elevated from the Austro-Hungarian navy. King Otto has no responsibility, but he has a good deal else. He has, for example, a doting mother, who can tell him how bad it felt to be pitched from a throne and how good it feels to have no throne to be pitched from. He also has a chamberlain, Count Cziraky, who was thrilled by his privilege of declaring that Otto, having reached his majority of eighteen years on November 20, would thenceforth enjoy all the prerogatives of a sovereign except the customary prerogatives of a sovereign.

On November 20 the King abandoned his studies and held a coming-of-age party at the Steenockerzeel Chateau near Brussels. Among those attending were a corps of newspapermen and photographers and a whole battalion of archdukes and archduchesses, princes and princesses, and legitimist delegates from Austria and Hungary garbed in black and wondering why the people back home were not more excited over their rightful ruler. Next day Otto returned to the university, where there are, to be sure, no parliaments to open or subjects to impress, but where there are also no overbearing premiers or bomb-throwing revolutionaries. Probably none of his teachers was overexacting.

▶▶*Universities Under Fire*

AMERICAN universities become more and more tumultuous. While they have increased their genuine facilities and opportunities, they "have simultaneously and needlessly cheapened, vulgarized and mechanized themselves." So writes Dr. Abraham Flexner, former director of the Rockefeller Foundation's General Education Board, in *Universities,* his latest analysis of higher education tendencies in Germany, England and the United States.

Dr. Flexner maintains that American universities have failed to preserve a sound sense of values. They have become weather vanes swinging to popular whim. They are bargain counters for training which is neither intelligent, selective nor thorough. He has found Columbia University granting bachelor

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degrees for the completion of courses including "food etiquette and hospitality," "elementary stenography," "practical poultry raising" and "wrestling,

DR. ABRAHAM FLEXNER

judo and self-defense." He has caught the University of Wisconsin awarding Bachelor of Science degrees to students passing courses in drug-store practice, elementary costume designing and first aid to the injured; Chicago and Columbia bestowing A.M. and Ph.D. degrees for dissertations on *A Time and Motion Comparison of Four Methods of Dish Washing* and *Concerning Our Girls and What They Tell Us*. He has read a doctorial thesis on refrigeration, concluding that ice consumption is increased, temperature raised, by frequent opening and closing of refrigerator doors; still another on bacteria in cotton undershirts, with graphs and statistics showing that the "number of bacteria tends to increase with the length of time garments are worn."

As for correspondence schools, Dr. Flexner has picked the best of them—those at Chicago and Columbia—nicknamed them "service stations," described their ingenious methods of attracting students and ridiculed their courses in janitor service, fire insurance and bee-keeping. He declares that they are all a part of America's educational hurly-burly—spoon-feeding of students, padding of enrollments, overemphasis on athletics and social activities and self-deception by university presidents.

Dr. Flexner does not advise American universities to imitate English or German universities. He suggests, however, that conditions might be improved by the creation of a modern university of higher learning, a place for scholars and scientists exempt from the pressure of undergraduate and vocational activities. Fortunately, this suggestion will receive a test—in the Institute of Advanced Learning founded, with Dr. Flexner as director, by a gift of five million dollars from the Bambergers of Newark. Meanwhile other American universities might well take Dr. Flexner's criticism to heart. Whatever its flaws in detail, it is candid, courageous and, in the large, sound.

▶▶*Five-Year Plan*

THE University of Chicago had taken steps to put its house in order before Dr. Flexner's work reached the bookstores. During his twelve months at Chicago as president, the 31-year-old Robert Maynard Hutchins has been developing a plan whereby a student would be graduated whenever he could pass a comprehensive examination. On November 18, a day before the publication of *Universities*, Chicago's trustees and faculty gave the Hutchins plan their approval.

President Hutchins believes in neither the conventional graduate school nor the traditional four-year undergraduate system which keeps a diploma on ice for any one who can amass a certain number of credits. He will therefore merge all non-professional departments into five large sections, concerned with the physical sciences, the social sciences, the humanities and so on. In these a student may work as he pleases, take his comprehensive examination whenever he is ready and, after examination, continue in special classes if he wishes and if his standing is satisfactory. A genius, we are told, may pass the examinations in two or three months; a brilliant student, in a year. Not-quite-bright students may loaf along four years before being dismissed without degrees.

Essentially, the plan rewards industry without making it compulsory. Under it, the serious student may go at his own gait, rather than at the gait of those who yearn to be saxophone players or football coaches at jerkwater colleges. The one plain objection to the Hutchins plan is that it may tend to over-stress speed in education. Whether it does or not will become apparent during the next five years. At the end of this period the plan will be continued, modified or abandoned according to its effect upon students, teachers and research workers. At present it must be set down as an interesting and likely-looking experiment.

▶▶*Southern Bank Failures*

SENATOR GLASS of Virginia created no great sensation with the analysis of bank failures he issued on November 12. Even red-hot Southern Democrats gave little heed to his statement that there were 139 more bank failures in the last year of this Republican Administration than in President Wilson's two terms.

Within five days, however, his statement was recalled and reread. On November 17 the National Bank of Kentucky went into the hands of a receiver, thereby closing the doors of seven other banks in that state. On the same day business was suspended by forty-three Arkansas banks—most of them in one chain—and by four smaller institutions in Missouri. Within twenty-four hours two more banks had been closed in Kentucky and eleven more in Arkansas. When the week ended on November 22, there had been twelve bank casualties in Kentucky, four in Tennessee, four more in Missouri and three in North Carolina. Thus, within 120 hours, eighty-one banks had closed in the South, along with a dozen others in

International

EXPERIMENTER
President Robert Maynard Hutchins sponsors new system at Chicago University

southern sections of Indiana and Illinois.

Having danced to the tune of overexpansion, instalment prosperity and

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a bull market, Southern states are now paying the piper. Participating in the recent boom and more recent debacle, the South has had an experience which strikes it as novel after the monotonous depression of the first five post-Confederacy decades. During those two generations money was so scarce in the South that her people could barely distinguish one point in the business cycle from another. Southerners were too busy at the plow and mill to watch the ticker tape. Their savings (as low as twenty-five cents a week a family) were buying spindles and looms rather than paper profits. The World War hastened the first boom era in the South. Then came chain stores, chain banks and chain newspapers. Credit became easy, big ideas prevalent. Southern branches of Wall Street brokerage houses moved into larger quarters. Evening newspapers began to carry the day's stock quotations. But the prosperity was short-lived. There are eighty-one bank failures among its monuments.

▸▸*Unemployment Relief*

WRITING in the New York *Times,* Colonel Arthur Woods, national director of unemployment relief, describes how the nation has rallied in aid of the jobless. For the past month Colonel Woods has been in contact with forty-four governors and representatives of the four others. He declares that the governors are tackling the unemployment problem squarely, speeding up road construction and beginning public works which otherwise would have waited for months.

Similar activities, he says, are being carried on by counties, cities and villages, especially in the industrial sectors. He lays particular stress on the work being done in Cincinnati. He has also found a half-dozen departments and bureaus of the federal government expediting all construction contracts "to the limit of their authorized powers and within the funds available." As for private industry, Colonel Woods speaks conservatively. He points to the plight of thousands of businesses and writes, as best evidence of industrial cooperation, that "the average business man is taking the blow with a smile and is doing what he can."

Before the winter is far advanced, Colonel Woods expects to have all emergency work in full operation. If this does no more than scratch the surface of unemployment, the blame will rest on the nation's failure to prepare a program long in advance of the present emergency. In anticipation of another crisis Colonel Woods intends to compile a report on his experiences in 1930. Also looking to the future, Governor Roosevelt of New York has announced that he will call the governors of six other eastern industrial states into conference in January to develop a long-time unemployment program.

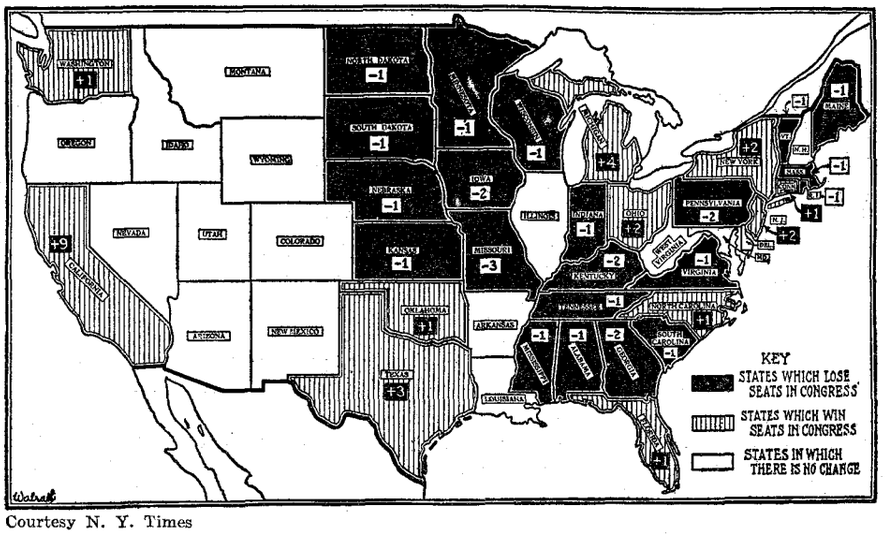
While both plans are commendable, neither is adequate. Colonel Woods' plan lacks depth, Governor Roosevelt's, breadth. It is now perfectly plain that the nation as a unit should prepare for an unemployment crisis as it would and does for a war. Otherwise, the next depression will catch us napping again.

▸▸*Reapportionment*

REAPPORTIONMENT of representation in the lower house of Congress is a troublous question upon which the short session may, but should not, waste much time. Under the census law enacted June 18, 1929, Congress reluctantly authorized the Census Bureau to recast representation on the basis of the 1930 census and the present House membership of 435. Seventeen months to the day after passage of that law, President Hoover announced the Census Bureau's reapportionment by which eleven states would gain seats, twenty-one lose seats, in the Seventy-third Congress and in the electoral college of 1932. Under the census law this apportionment will go into effect automatically unless changed by Congress before March 4, 1931.

None of the twenty-one states likes the prospect of losing seats. Since some states have made population gains out of proportion to others in the past twenty years (despite constitutional requirements no reapportionment was authorized after the census of 1920) the only way to prevent such losses is to increase the size of the House. That is the method followed since the House began with 65 members in 1790. Moreover, that is the method now championed by Senator-elect Dickinson of Iowa, a state scheduled to lose two seats. Strong support of the Dickinson plan may be expected from each of the twenty-one seat-losing states, five in the East, eight in the South and eight in the Middle West. Additional support may be had from some other dry, agricultural states displeased to see eighteen of the 435 seats gained by the wet, industrial sections of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Ohio, Michigan and California.

There is one reason above all others why the short session should avoid agitation of the reapportionment question. The Census Bureau's reapportionment is the best that can be had. Any constitutional law which would prevent the loss of the twenty-seven seats to the twenty-one slow-growing states would apportion far more than twenty-seven seats to faster-growing states. The result would be a House larger and more unwieldy than ever before. And, in all conscience, one must admit that the House is large enough and unwieldy enough now.



Courtesy N. Y. Times

Under reapportionment

▸▸*The Wickersham Report*

THE prohibition report of the Wickersham Law Enforcement Commission will recommend that the Eighteenth Amendment be preserved exactly as it is, that it be modified and that it be repealed, preferably by means of a constitutional

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convention. So much is clear from recent Washington correspondence in the daily press. The board will also advocate and oppose the repeal of the Volstead act, as well as its modification to permit light wines and beer. It will be strong for and hot against state and federal liquor dispensaries. It will suggest a specific change in the prohibition experiment and will make only general suggestions, leaving it to President and Congress to say what the specific change shall be. Finally, it will report that prohibition cannot succeed and that it deserves a further trial.

Day after day the Washington correspondents have described the Wickershammers' conclusions, and day after day—at least four times in the past few weeks—the Wickershammers have protested that all reports relating to their conclusions are pure speculation. The fourth and last repudiation occurred in Chairman Wickersham's message to the good ladies of the W. C. T. U. in convention at Houston. A few days earlier the W. C. T. U. delegates had shouted, waved handkerchiefs and paraded around the convention hall singing "Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow," on hearing that the commission would oppose repeal of the amendment. "It is unfortunate," said Mr. Wickersham, that "newspapers insist on constantly publishing surmises of our conclusions."

It is even more unfortunate that members of the commission seem to be telling secrets out of school. While some of the reports are obviously sheer guesses, others appear to come from official sources. We suggest that the board plug up the leak and stop blaming newspapers for taking advantage of it.

▸▸*Blows at Prohibition*

Dr. Clarence True Wilson of the Methodist Board of Temperance declares that the sale of California grape concentrate is a serious blow to prohibition. So it is. But blows are now nothing new to the experiment n. in m., which was still reeling from the wet attack in the November 4 election when it was struck again, this time by the American Bar Association. A poll of members of the bar, obtaining a seventy-five per cent response, has revealed that 13,000 favor, while but 6,000 oppose, repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. That is to say, the Bar Association, whose expert opinion will be accorded great weight, is wet by more than two to one.

The California grape growers have struck prohibition a blow of another sort. Deny it or not, they are out to violate the spirit and evade the letter of the prohibition laws. Moreover—and here the farce grows rich—they have the eager assistance of the Federal Farm Board and of Mabel Walker Willebrandt, formerly in charge of federal prohibition prosecutions, now counsel for the Volsteadian vintners. Their plan is simple: they sell a non-intoxicating grape concentrate which, when taken home by the consumer and allowed to ferment, develops into wine with a kick. Just now they are operating intensively and experimentally in Milwaukee, but, if nothing goes awry, they will soon be promoting their product throughout the thirsty country.

Keystone

MAHARAJAH OF BIKANIR

The distributor of the new concentrate is the Fruit Industries, Ltd., a subsidiary of the Grape Control Board, which is financed by the Federal Farm Board. Chairman Legge of the Farm Board insists that various government officials have assured him that the grape concentrate is within the law. To date, Prohibition Commissioner Woodcock has refused to say whether it is or not. However, recalling his earlier utterances on the subject of home-made wine, we should not be surprised to see him decide in the grape-growers' favor.

Dr. Wilson admits that prohibitionists were "asleep at the switch while this thing got started." But what can they do about it? Both Congress and the Administration are still dry, but we doubt that they are dry enough to apply or amend the Volstead act so as to put the grape concentrate people out of business.

▸▸*At the Round Table*

For years conservative Britons have had four major arguments against turning India into a dominion. One after another these arguments exploded at the round table conference on India in London.

"Unite all India under a native government?" went one of the arguments. "Why, every one knows that the native princes would rather rule their independent states under protection of British treaties than risk the dangers of native ballots." Yet the conference found native princes, through the Maharajah of Bikanir, demanding union in a dominion as earnestly as any Gandhi.

"Suppose we do confer dominion status on India," ran a second British argument. "Within a fortnight incompatible Moslems and Hindus will be flying at each other's throats." Yet at the conference in London Moslems and Hindus smothered their religious antagonism in a demand for dominion status, reached some agreement on internal problems, repeatedly belied reports that they were about to split and stood shoulder to shoulder in delivering their ultimatum, with Dr. B. S. Moonje, leader of 200 million Hindus, and Maulana Muhammad Ali, political guide of 70 million Moslems, predicting an all-Indian revolution if Britain refused to make concessions.

"But," read a third British demurrer, "the 43 million 'untouchables' certainly prefer government under British guns to oppression by higher-caste Hindus." Yet at St. James's Palace a "scavenger"—member of the lowest caste—stood at the round table with his betters, asked for dominion status and was cheered instead of shunned by Brahmans, who had dined the "untouchables" and granted them generous political representation in the projected Indian federation.

"And the women," came another British objection. "Where would they be in

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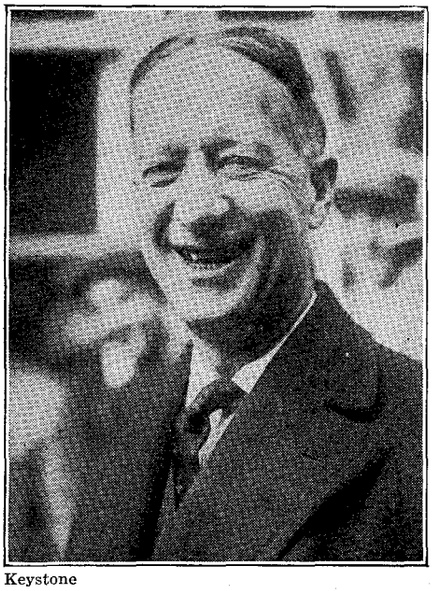
this native government? What do they want? What could they do?" These questions were also answered at London, by the Begum Shah Nawaz, wearing pearls rather than a veil, debating on even terms with men, adding her voice to the chorus for home rule.



Keystone

MAN NAMED SMITH
Whose face, like his name, may be more or less familiar to you

So four old arguments popped and disappeared. The conference went into committee on November 24 with the Indian delegations solid for dominion status. Discomfited Britons are trying hard to think up new reasons for believing that their rule in India is as beneficial to Indians as it is to themselves.

▶▶*Smith in the Papers*

A LARGE and friendly audience awaits former-Governor Smith's weekly articles which, distributed by the McNaught Syndicate, will be published in various newspapers on January 4 and thereafter. Mr. Smith has human feelings, a readable style and a broad knowledge of the public questions which will probably engage most of his attention. He has also had a great deal of experience in high public office. These things qualify him to set up as a social critic.

As one social critic to another, the Outlook is presumptuous enough to give the Governor two tips. The first is that he write only on subjects he knows a great deal about. Does this advice seem superfluous? It isn't. Calvin Coolidge, for example, knows a great deal about practical politics, and could write of it absorbingly, but almost never does. Our second tip to the Governor is to maintain his reputation for sincerity. We say this because critics—of literature, music or society—who do not write sincerely write nothing worth reading and because the sincerity of most public figures vanishes when they confront a typewriter. They write then primarily as politicians, as Mr. Smith himself wrote in the unsatisfactory parts of his autobiography, *Up to Now*. Consequently, their readers soon grow bored.

Mr. Smith could be a delightful exception to this rule if he would. A sincere article by Governor Smith on his quarrel with present-day leaders of Tammany Hall would be something to paste in your hat. Now that it is virtually out of the question for the Governor to be re-nominated for President, why shouldn't he cut loose and tell us what he really thinks? He'd find that more fun than building a skyscraper. And he'd have all the McNaught salesmen dancing in the streets.

▶▶*Letters to Mr. Hoover*

WHEN MR. HOOVER opened his mail on November 24 he found letters from two groups of American citizens. One message advocated prompt adherence to the World Court. The other idealistically urged that the anti-war principle of the Kellogg pact be enacted into an international law which would make any belligerent nation a criminal.

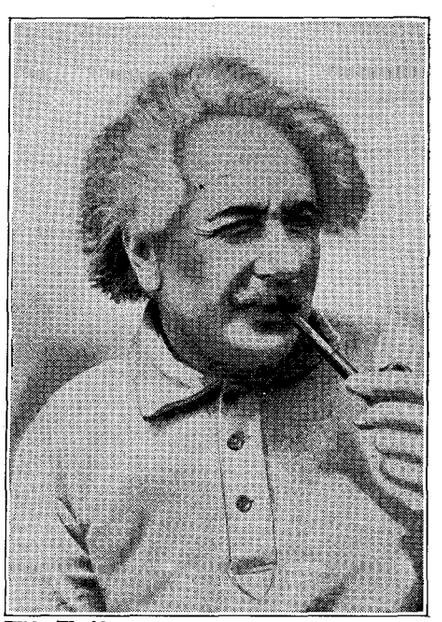
The 151 signers of the anti-war letter—including thirty-six college presidents and a score of ministers and bishops—suggest that President Hoover secure the enactment of the new law through formal negotiations or a conference of nations. They point out that any Congress could annul the Kellogg pact and other peace treaties but that "no Congress or parliament has power to vote withdrawal from international law." Hence, in their opinion, war could be prevented by law where it could not be prevented by treaty.

However, the major and immediate issue (as even the signers of the anti-war letter admit) was presented in the letter on the World Court. The hundred signatures, led by that of General Pershing, include those of well known bankers, industrialists, educators, lawyers, merchants and publishers. These citizens are convinced that the rights, traditions and safety of the United States are amply safeguarded by the protocols which provide for America's adherence to the Court. They pledge their support to Mr. Hoover if he will submit the protocols to the Senate for prompt ratification. They advise him that ratification by the United States "during the coming winter months will be of great influence in building up good will and confidence among nations."

We believe they are on sound ground. A year has passed since Mr. Hoover authorized American delegates to sign the World Court protocols. During that time he has taken no definite step to secure ratification, though he has taken several to show that he favors ratification. As we have said before, we believe that the Senate should be asked to ratify the protocols before the end of the short session of Congress. Or the Senate might be held over for a few weeks after Congress adjourns on March 4.

▶▶*Einstein Pays a Call*

AMERICA PREPARES to fold Professor Albert Einstein (in person, not a mathematical formula) to its bosom in a burst of that mysterious emotion, hero-worship. It prepares to welcome him in a great big way and put him across with a bang. Cables from America have been fluttering into Einstein's Berlin home at the rate of fifty a day. His American mail mounts to the rafters. Will the Professor accept a substantial check and allow a music company to flood the country with saxophones endorsed by Einstein? No? Then how about Einstein rompers. Einstein fly-killers or Einstein garters?



Wide World

PROFESSOR ALBERT EINSTEIN

The answer is always no. But the

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Professor grows a bit jittery about his impending journey. Planning a quiet trip, hoping for a few conversations with American scientists in Pasadena, he and his wife, Frau Elsie, have been invited to attend functions all over the United States, to stop at this, that and the other hotel and to visit scores of people of whom neither has ever heard. The man who "holds the world's record for an incomprehensible book" is as much at loss to explain the hero-worship as to decide how he will avoid reporters and photographers in New York. He does not know—nor does any one else—why people who do not, and never can hope to, understand his work should idolize him as they idolize Babe Ruth. "Why popular fancy should seize upon me, a scientist dealing in abstract things and happy if left alone, is one of those manifestations of mass psychology that are beyond me," he says. "I think it is terrible that this should be so and I suffer more than anybody can imagine."

However, if Professor Einstein and his wife wish to travel inconspicuously, let them travel only on steamships and trains transporting Clara Bow or Buddy Rogers. Then the crowds at docks and stations will never even see them.

▶▶Child Health Conference

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S SPEECH at the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection came as a welcome relief from national politics. Mr. Hoover was content to define the problems of children and leave specific remedies to the decision of the 1,200 experts who formed his audience. To him these problems seemed to fall into three groups—protection and stimulation of the normal child, aid to the physically defective and handicapped child and guidance, control and study of the delinquent child.

The President spoke of America's 10 million deficient children without forgetting the million and a half with special gifts. He asked that city children be given some of the natural advantages of country life and that country children be allowed to enjoy some of the city's cultural influences. He pointed to the conditions of an enlarging machine age and emphasized the importance of mental, emotional and spiritual health. It was, however, his description of childhood that lifted his address above average.

"We approach all problems of childhood with affection," he said. "Theirs is the province of joy and good humor. They are the wholesome part of the race, the sweetest, for they are fresher from the hands of God. Whimsical, ingenious, mischievous, we live a life of apprehension as to what their opinion may be of us; a life of defense against their terrifying energy; we put them to bed with a sense of relief and a lingering of devotion. We envy them the freshness of adventure and discovery of life; we mourn over the disappointments they will meet."

The conference itself produced scores of committee reports, a nineteen-point program for child aid, an unsettled squabble over the proposed transfer of child health activities from the Department of Labor to the Public Health Service, and a statement from Secretary of the Interior Wilbur that centralization is not to be carried so far that "Uncle Sam is going to rock the baby to sleep." Whatever else the conference may have achieved, it has stimulated and focussed attention on child welfare work. Without doubt it will prove of value.

Remarkable Remarks

Fundamentally we are sound.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

Good business in America is twelve months nearer revival than it was a year ago.—THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Prohibition alone is responsible for the leading industrial position of the United States in the world.—SIR GILBERT PARKER.

I have nothing to say about anything.—SENATOR SIMEON D. FESS.

Victory does not count for nearly so much as how you play the game. —GENE TUNNEY.

That I am selfish and, to a very considerable degree possibly offensive, is . . . more or less regrettably obvious.—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

I have been a very good girl. Why, I haven't married any one for four or five years. — PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE.

Tragedy is not confined to marriage.—G. K. CHESTERTON.

▶▶Doughertys Revisited

HAVE you ever gaped, spellbound, at tony displays in furniture-store windows? At settees in the form of crouching lions, bedsteads with gilded cupids for legs, gilt-encrusted radio cabinets shaped like sedan chairs and decorated with flaming tropical sunsets? At intricately carved tables surmounted by large china elephants surmounted by china Japanese girls holding up Chinese pagodas of silk and bead fringe which turn out to be lamp-shades? At life-size bronze maidens studded with red and white bulbs, ruffled purple taffeta bedspreads set out with cabbage roses, armchairs of twisted serpents, and smoking stands supported by plaster Buddhas? Have you ever asked yourself, "Who buys these swelegant furnishings?"

Maybe sweepstakes winners buy some of them. When the recent Dublin Sweepstakes brought a third of a million dollars apiece to an Irish government clerk and two bartenders, New York newspapers bethought themselves of the Doughertys of Brooklyn. Of course you remember the Doughertys, father and two sons, who won $150,000 with Aga Khan's Blenheim in the Canadian Sweepstakes last June? Reporters, dropping around to see what the Doughertys had done with their unexpected wealth, found them solidly, magnificently at home.

The Doughertys were glad to send a word of advice to other sweepstakes winners. "Tell them," said Dan, junior, "that they might do what we did." They were glad to show reporters over their new four-room Brooklyn flat, with its fine plush parlor set, paintings on black velvet, street-scenes done in mother-of-pearl, red plush and satin lamp shades with beads. It seems that Pop Dougherty, who used to be an apartment-house doorman himself, has given up his job, but Dan and Ed have kept theirs, at, respectively, $37 and $20 a week. All the money except the $7,000 for furnishings and incidental expenses has been invested.

Ed waved an arm around the bedroom decorated with banners from southern cities and a Harvard pennant. "It's swell," he said, "ain't it?"

▶▶Poland's Problem

PREMIER PILSUDSKI'S victory in the recent elections for the lower house of Parliament, and the departure from Warsaw of Charles S. Dewey, American financial adviser, emphasize Poland's stability. Marshal Pilsudski, who had controlled 118 of the 444 seats in the Sejm, will now control 249. Mr. Dewey has completed his work under the stabilization plan set up three years

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ago when Poland secured an international loan of 72 million dollars. Yet neither Dewey nor Pilsudski has removed the principal threat to the future.

Of all the problems of post-war Europe, none is more troublous than that of the Polish corridor to the sea, a province carved out of Germany and served to Warsaw by the Treaty of Versailles. Moreover, the problem becomes more difficult each year, with the Germans ever more resentful over the loss of their territory, the Poles ever more determined to hold it at any cost. The steady revival of Germany and the spread of German nationalism—witness the recent election gains by Adolf Hitler's Fascists—make the Polish corridor a lively issue. So do Poland's financial stabilization and the popular support of Pilsudski's militarism in the Sejm.

While Germany has been assembling arguments to support her case for the recovery of the corridor, Poland has been binding the territory fast by a process of cultural, racial and economic de-Germanization. Most drastic of Poland's moves have been the replacement of the corridor's German population by Poles and the development of the new port of Gdynia to supplement, perhaps supplant, the free city of Danzig. Pilsudski may have had the corridor in mind when he indicated that hereafter he will devote more attention to his department of war.

▶▶*InBrief*

Short letter to Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Bank: Dear Sir: We still see something to worry about. . . . Nevertheless, the clouds are not all sable-lined. An increase in steel prices is expected and Moran and Mack have settled their quarrel and resumed their partnership. . . . For an illustration of the extremes to which citizens have been driven in these days of unemployment, note that 5,860 persons have applied for positions as prohibition agents. . . . The United States Supreme Court believes reckless driving is an act of depravity and that it would shock the general moral sense to characterize it as a petty offense. Unfortunately, what really shocks the general moral sense is to call reckless driving an act of depravity. . . It is all very well for rum-runners to land liquor on the private beach of Secretary of the Navy Adams, but it must be strictly understood that they are not to store their liquor in the White House.

The Racketeering Drives

An Editorial

What, we wonder, do sensible drys make of the mounting evidences of prohibition-bred lawlessness which have finally culminated in the national drive against racketeering? Certainly, to the average citizen, the organized lawlessness, which has been able to invade and hold up legitimate business in our great cities, is so clearly the result of the Volstead Act that there can be no dispute about it. For fundamentally, the millions of dollars amassed by the thousands of Al Capones all over the land are the direct result of putting outside the law, without sufficient public approval, one of the largest and most profitable industries in the country.

The average citizen, who takes a drink, contributes every week to this industry. Since it is outside the law, the Al Capones find it helpless and therefore can blackmail for all the traffic will bear; until latest disclosures by the federal courts in Chicago show that the money collected runs into millions for the racketeers—Al Capone himself evidently receiving far more for his yearly work than the largest yearly bonus ever paid a legitimate business man in America: One and one-half millions in bonus to William Grace of Bethlehem Steel.

Here is the source of all racketeering, all the lawless domination of legitimate business against which citizens' committees, crime commissions, police chiefs, federal bureaus and enforcement agents are now being banded. For it is just one step from blackmailing a liquor industry, which is outside the law, to blackmailing a laundry industry, a building trade, a labor union, or a department store which is within the law. The gangsters have taken that step and the full results of prohibition are upon us. With one hand the country feeds the industry upon which the gangster fattens. With the other it attempts to crush the same gangster it has nurtured.

Could irony be more bitter?

Chicago appears to be the locality chosen for the heaviest concentration of federal bureaus to back up the anti-racketeering drive. The people of Illinois, who have just voted wet by a plurality of over 700,000, are now being protected by the government in Washington through agents of the very law which they have defied; and against the very criminals they themselves have produced by their defiance. To confuse matters more, it appears that the government itself is helping to create the very situation it is trying to cure. Through the Farm Board the government has already loaned some millions of dollars to the California grape juice producers, whose bulk shipments of "concentrate" for wine are beginning to come to the Chicago market and are naturally claimed by the bootlegging racketeers. Al Capone knows liquor even when an Attorney General is not sure.

Meanwhile, what is the actual code of ethics of the average citizen of Chicago? It is very simple. No honorable gentleman who does not wish his acquaintances to cut him will report violations of the Volstead Act. Wet or dry, we challenge any gentleman in any well-known club in Chicago or New York to dispute the statement. At the same time, any honorable gentleman will do everything in his power to put an end to the various criminal and extortion rackets which fill the headlines in our newspapers.

Says the average citizen: Leave Volstead violators out of it. Go get the racketeers. Where they are the same men, prosecute and convict on criminal racket evidence. But do not convict on Volstead violations. The government's answer is to lump all violators of all laws together, try to convict some of the outstanding ones on outside counts, such as failing to report income taxes, and meanwhile endeavor to get evidence for local authorities. A most remarkable conception of law enforcement; and yet one to which the federal authorities are forced by the inconsistencies of their situation.

Meanwhile, racketeering is becoming as threatening in New York as it is prevalent in Chicago. But precisely the opposite of the federal procedure is the plan proposed by the New York authorities aided by a citizens' committee. In New York, no government official perplexes the police force with talk about bootleggers, when he means racketeers. No Wickersham Committee confuses the citizens by solemnly pretending that the public views all violators precisely alike. Instead, the police of that city intend to catch the racketeer at his racket. Says public opinion in New York: Forget prohibition enforcement. Get the racke-

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
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teers before they get us. Get them before the federal government confuses the whole problem. Meanwhile, repeal the Eighteenth Amendment. Prohibition has become sinister and unbearable.

To this, the Outlook can only add that until prohibition is repealed it is evident that it will take all the forces of law and order merely to keep in check the ever-growing crowd of gangsters and racketeers which the present situation is producing like flies in a manure heap.

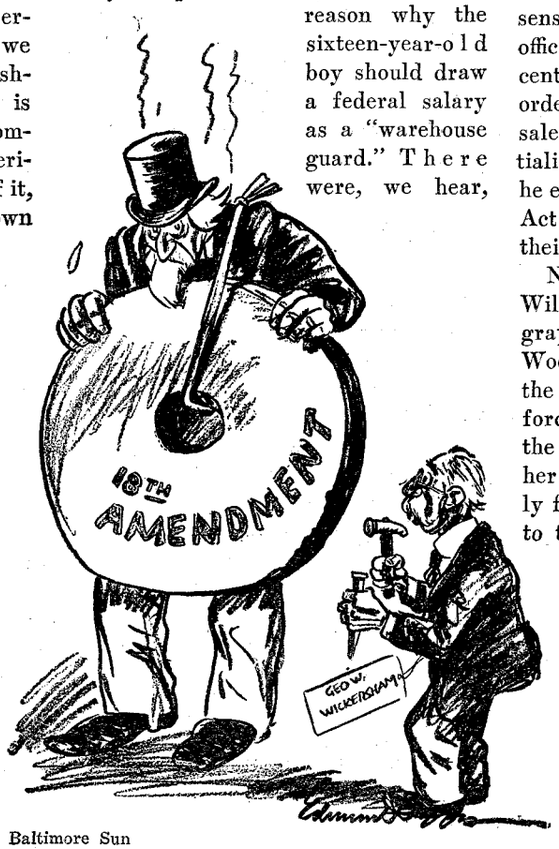
Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE THINK it only fair to say a few words in defense of Amos W. W. Woodcock, if only because those who ought to be standing up for him as well as his natural enemies among the press and politicians are making his life miserable these days. The general public, we believe, has no conception of the punishment which the Eastern Shore boy is taking in his effort, as Prohibition Commissioner, to make a go of the "experiment noble in motive." A great deal of it, we have reason to know, is his own fault, since he first gave the impression that he thought himself a "smart Aleck" person who was bound to succeed where so many others had failed before him. On the contrary, he is the most naïve and unsuspecting official at the Capital—too much so for his own good—and he is doing the most decent job of enforcement the nation has witnessed in ten years.

Whereas Roy A. Haynes and Seymour L. Lowman, and even Brigadier General Lincoln C. Andrews, trimmed now and then, and rendered unto the Anti-Saloon League those things which Warren G. Harding and Calvin Coolidge thought belonged to the professional prohibitionists, Mr. Woodcock has tried to proceed along sane, legal and businesslike lines. As a result, he has antagonized such churchmen as Dr. Clarence True Wilson and F. Scott McBride, and they, in turn, have built a backfire against him among their cohorts. Their "racket" has been taken away from them, as we see it, and they are sore—all the more so because they take unto themselves entire credit for President Hoover's election.

Though we have seen no mention of it in the press—and Mr. Woodcock has not seen fit to divulge it in an effort to discount the criticism of him—he early antagonized the professional drys by striking some of their eminent leaders from Uncle Sam's pay roll. When he assumed office, he found that the Honorable William D. Upshaw of Georgia was serving for a goodly sum per month as a prohibition lecturer. Mr. Woodcock also came across the name of a son of Mrs. Jesse Nicholson, the famous Maryland prohibitionist, and he saw no reason why the sixteen-year-old boy should draw a federal salary as a "warehouse guard." There were, we hear, numerous other drys obtaining money under some prohibition pretense or other, and he drove them all from the trough. Herein, we believe, may be discovered the reason for some of the soreness which such unselfish soldiers of the cross as Dr. Wilson, Dr. McBride and Bishop Cannon show toward Mr. Woodcock. We can, of course, sympathize with the lost job-holders, but we also think it highly to Mr. Woodcock's credit that he braved their wrath. We think it also in his favor that he has taken no counsel from the self-appointed religious rulers to whom even the White House latch string was ever available during the administrations of Presidents Harding and Coolidge.



Baltimore Sun

"I'll just chip a piece off here and there!"

Mr. Woodcock has also incurred the criticism of both wets and drys because of his ruling that home-made wine, even though of super-Volstead alcoholic content, is legal. His intimation that Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt's grapejuice concentrates come within the law has also subjected him to attack. Here again he was too honest and outspoken for his own welfare. As we noted in this column some time ago, Dr. James M. Doran, former dry czar, always admitted that these were lawful beverages. But Dr. Doran, it seems, was canny enough to sense that he could not afford to give official sanction to beverages of 14 per cent alcoholic content, even though his order of August, 1929, permitted the sale of wines powerful in their potentiality. Mr. Woodcock's mistake was that he explained the "joker" in the Volstead Act which permits rural folks to have their law and liquor, too.

Now the drys are claiming that Mrs. Willebrandt, as counsel for California grape growers, pulled the wool over Mr. Woodcock's eyes. Others make much of the fact that the Joan of Arc of the dry forces in the 1928 campaign has dined the present Prohibition Commissioner at her home, and of the further and friendly fact that he responded by taking her to the opera. To such levels, it would seem, has the prohibition situation brought us. For we are in a position to know that the Commissioner and Mrs. Willebrandt have never discussed the problem of grapejuice concentrate, and that whatever official sanction was given to the lady's princely product came from authorities to whom even Mr. Woodcock must bow. Of course we can only guess, but we suspect that her wines were legalized by the same officials who proclaimed that, whenever feasible, government officials may travel by airplane when engaged on federal missions. Mrs. Willebrandt, besides serving the interests of the grape industry, also acts as local lobbyist and counsel for an aviation concern. And, like it or not, the Republican party still owes her an undying debt for the services she performed two years ago. Indeed, if we cared to be unkind about the whole matter, we might suggest that this situation is an outstanding instance when it isn't the woman who pays and pays and pays.

A. F. C.

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What's Wrong with Lindbergh

By JOHN S. GREGORY

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Here and there at infrequent intervals appears criticism of Colonel Lindbergh, and perhaps all of us have wondered if and how he has changed in the midst of all the great events in which he has been a figure in the last three and a half years. Over and over again all of us have heard the question, "What's wrong with Lindbergh?" This article is one answer to the question by a writer who knows Lindbergh well.

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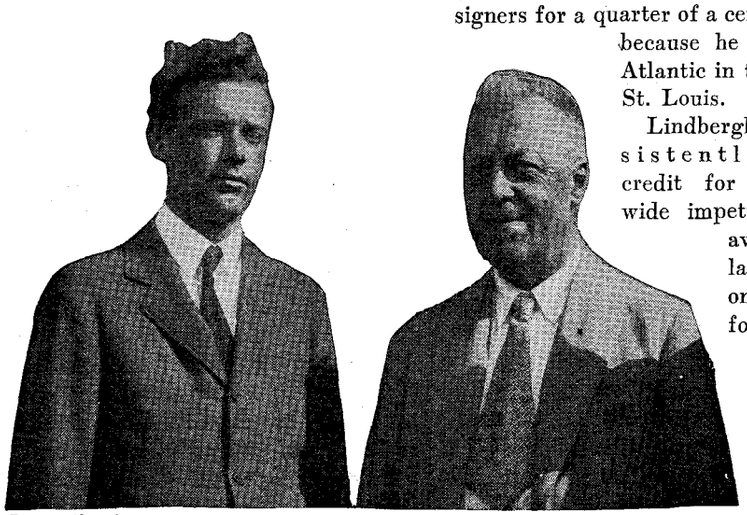
MUD-SLINGING is a dangerous occupation. Guilty or not, if Lindbergh had not swung the tail of his plane around and splattered a group of admirers that day in Washington there might have been no disturbing rip tide on his sea of success. The affair was dropped with record haste, but not before questions had appeared. Other incidents sprang up. Lindbergh, silent, seemed to be his own best defense.

Then the newsreels presented a cold, unsmiling Lindbergh who stood resolutely beside his plane while the most critically regarded woman in the world, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, struggled hopefully and alone out of the cockpit of the airplane and busied herself carting the Lindbergh luggage off the flying field. Unwilling to believe the whispered stories the public, nevertheless, wondered a bit. The purpose of this article is to attempt to answer some of those questions asked most generally of any one who knows Lindbergh.

THE profound contribution of Lindbergh to aviation has been in vitalizing, personalizing a cause which, lacking popular enthusiasm, would have required years to develop. His material assistance has far transcended the perfection of intricate engineering detail, the design of a new craft, or any other mechanical contribution to the advancement of flying. By demonstrating some of the more spectacular possibilities of the airplane as a mode of transportation and in a manner to encourage enthusiasm and faith, he has made possible and of immediate value these greater engineering achievements. An active and responsive industry, founded upon public interest, is ready to recognize these important steps and to employ them. No creator, Lindbergh has simply but with amazing genius put existing forces to work. Certainly it is no more reasonable to expect a man, because he wears a gold watch, to revolutionize the metallurgy of gold any more than it is to expect Lindbergh to solve the intricate engineering problems, which have hampered designers for a quarter of a century, solely because he crossed the Atlantic in the Spirit of St. Louis.



International

TWO TRAIL BLAZERS

Colonel Lindbergh and Dr. Hugo Eckener at the National Air Races in Cleveland

Lindbergh has consistently disclaimed credit for the world-wide impetus accorded aviation in the last three and one half years for which he is directly responsible. His mission was never to work out the theoretically perfect aircraft. Lindbergh essentially filled the rôle of the super-salesman who brought the mouse trap out of the woods: he sought only to prove the progress already made, to demonstrate that a dreamed-of era was already at hand. He has lent his support to no enterprise which, after careful deliberation, he has not been able to identify as fundamental to aviation. He will allow his name to be associated with no movement in which he cannot be actively interested and through which a real and substantial contribution cannot be made to aviation.

With completion of the program sponsored by the Guggenheim Foundation, Lindbergh has devoted practically his entire time to two great projects, a domestic air route across the continent, and a network of international lines which link the United States with every country except four in the Western Hemisphere. Neither concern is directly interested in manufacturing of planes or motors: they are purely transport operators. For both companies he has done important research and has taken an active part in the field. One, which at the time of its opening was considered by experts to be the finest operating air line in the world, was initiated under his personal direction. For the other, while he has actually blazed no trails, he has conducted much official survey work, established operating policies and considered every technical question of importance.

These working arrangements assure him not only adequate remuneration, as salaries go, but also a substantial share in the future worth of each enterprise through stock ownership at attractive purchase prices. Together with his salary from the Guggenheims and what he has received for a not considerable amount of writing, he has a personal fortune today of something over $1,500,000. Not a small sum by any means, yet it represents payment for his professional services. It is but a fraction of the total amount proffered him for a few testimonials and a signature or two. Such an income allows him absolute independence, a free mind with which to judge the merits of any proposition affecting him, and insured leisure to concentrate solely upon his major objectives for aviation.

It must be said that Lindbergh has received fair and abundant public consideration for every campaign he has waged in the interests of aviation. His various public flights, all of which were

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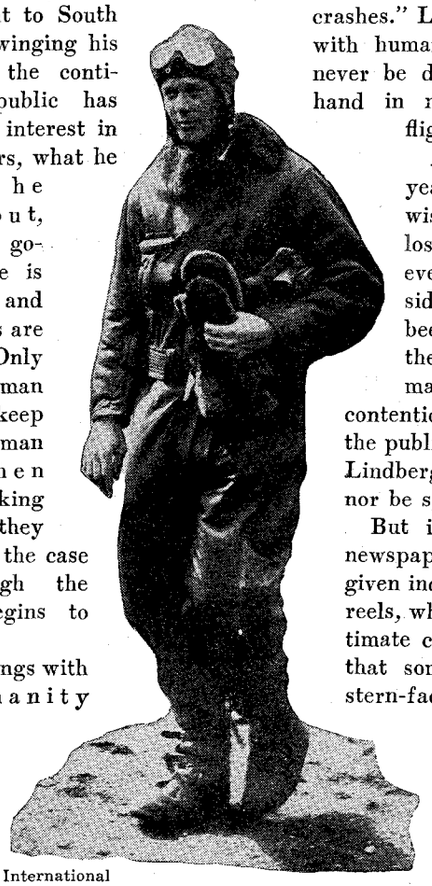
considered important to the advancement of flying or he would never have undertaken them, have accumulated more space in the newspapers than any other single commercial cause in our generation. Newspapers have been exceedingly generous in describing the Lindbergh drives. Once the flyer is under way the press telegraphic systems are keyed across two continents, at least one circuit being kept open from the time the hero is up in the morning until night. No detail of his movement is too small to include.

But there the smoothly functioning companionship between Lindbergh and the public—the press—ceases. Personal references, those bits of homely color; human interest stories which prove to us all that we are akin to the hero; those little notes of natural, personal behavior which make even the most distant idol a thing of flesh and blood—are exceptionally few. Because of their rarity they often have a negative effect. "Lindy" was, to us all, an intensely human, lovable boy. When he is on some colorful flight to South America or winging his way across the continent, the public has a consuming interest in what he wears, what he eats, what he talks about, where he is going, what he is going to do, and how the folks are at home. Only bits of human news can keep alive that human concept. When they are lacking as long as they have been in the case of Lindbergh the public begins to doubt.



International

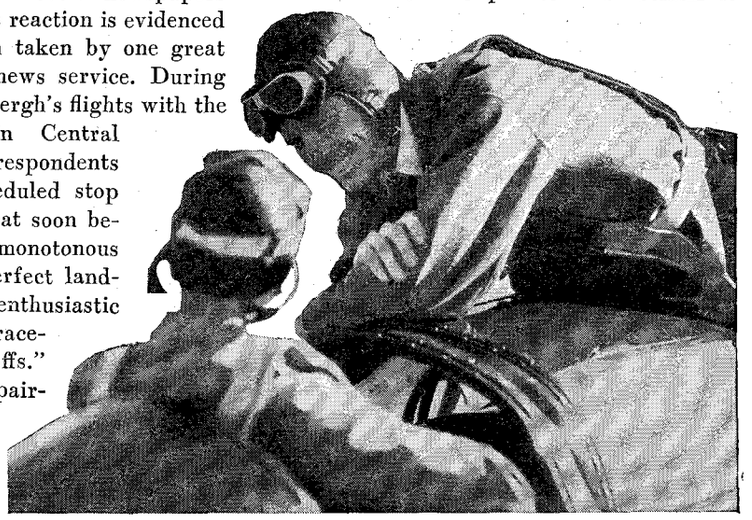
Lindbergh has personalized aviation

The trappings with which humanity swaddles its heroes includes the impossible quality of perfection. Unless that factor is modified to prove him human after all, our hero begins to bore us. Fed up with too much godliness, we instinctively begin to search for the baser elements. After all, there is only so much that can be said for the flawless, while imperfection offers an infinite variety of possibilities. That even newspapers have felt this reaction is evidenced in the action taken by one great telegraphic news service. During one of Lindbergh's flights with the air mail in Central America, correspondents at each scheduled stop cabled in what soon became a monotonous series of "perfect landings," "enthusiastic crowds," "graceful take-offs." Finally, despairing of a single human note with which to relieve the dull report of Lindbergh's day, an editor cabled this now famous order: "No more unless he crashes." Lindbergh's obituary, teeming with human interest items which can never be disputed, has been ready at hand in newspaper offices since his flight to Paris in May, 1927.

After three and one half years of trailing a will-o'-the-wisp, newspapers have largely lost faith in the prospect of ever penetrating to the personal side of Lindbergh. There has been no audible criticism from the press. Even though they may have ample proof for their contentions they know too well that the public, still further removed from Lindbergh, would neither understand nor be sympathetic with their views.

But if lack of human detail in newspaper accounts of Lindbergh has given indications, certainly the newsreels, which present a much more intimate contact, are graphic evidence that something has happened. The stern-faced, tight-lipped Lindbergh we see on the screen today is not the tousled-haired, smiling "Lindy" who flew to Paris. Incongruous as it may sound, "Lindbergh" hasn't changed.

It is only human to insist that the hero of any great adventure must be human, warm, lovable. No individual in America in decades so fired the imagination of the world as did Lindbergh. Yet "the flight," as he simply refers to that stunning achievement, was no adventure to him. Certainly he had no preconception of the phenomenal acclaim it would create nor the god-like heights to which it would lift him. In the first place it meant $25,000, a tidy sum with which any young man might start in business. It was a breath-taking demonstration of the progress of aviation as he would have it recognized. It gave him an opportunity to realize an ambition that was as close to his heart as life itself. But it was far from romantic. His only regrets in the whole affair were the pet term "Lindy," coined by a sentimental public and much too personal to suit his taste, and the misdirected inspiration of some newspapers which prefixed the equally odious "Lucky." Both words were mute, bitter notice in advance that the public was considering his flight in a different light than he intended. It was not the impression of aviation he would create. He has never swerved from his concept. We have never modified ours.



Wide World

Snapped during a moment of relaxation

To Lindbergh, the flight was an achievement of craft and motor and man. It was largely an impersonal affair. No better evidence could be offered in substantiation than his stubborn insistence upon the term "We." If it was not decided before Lindbergh left Roosevelt Field, surely by the time the flyer stepped off the cruiser *Memphis* in Washington, it was a fixed obsession that "Lindbergh" was to be confined exclusively to fundamental aspects of aviation. There could be no personal application. For any one except Lindbergh this fine distinction is difficult to understand or appreciate. It has meant that

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the Lindbergh who fought his way alone, and with consummate courage and daring, through storm and darkness over the treacherous Atlantic; who flew to Mexico in his courtship of Anne Morrow; who received a house full of perambulators, baby clothes and rattles in honor of a namesake—all this, somehow, was to be considered part of another person in whom the public was to manifest no interest. The only common bond between this person and the "Lindbergh" was the name. He acknowledges but one claim in this regard: that the public is entitled to know everything so far as Lindbergh means aviation. He has never admitted that the public, only through a personable Lindbergh, could absorb the complicated creed of planes and motors which he preaches.

International

Mr. and Mrs.

Thus, he considers that he has been graduated from parading and the reason for it, if such ever existed, some three years ago. At the end of his good will flight for the Guggenheims and his later swing around the Caribbean circle, which was sponsored by high government authorities, he was ready, even anxious, to step out of costume and settle down to the serious business of aviation. That he has never yet been able to do that settling down is at once an indication of the immensity of public opinion and his own impotency in grasp of Fate.

Let no one suffer under the illusion that Lindbergh is not very much the popular idol today. After three and one half years it is just as difficult as ever for him to enter a public building or walk along a street. If he desires to attend a theatre he must be smuggled in after the house is dark. He cannot send out laundry without losing most of it, and he dares not lay down a hat, coat or even a piece of paper. He has no end of trouble getting people to present his checks for payment at his bank. He cannot even sit on his own front porch without running the certain chance of attracting a crowd which, in the twinkling of an eye, might come storming through the fence besieging him for pictures and autographs.

A great deal can happen, even to a hero, in three years and a half—years of soul-searing publicity; of constant, nerve-wrecking vigilance against exploitation; of brief moments of privacy gained only at the terrific cost of widespread misunderstanding. It is inhuman to expect that any one could pass through such an ordeal unscathed. Shortly after his return from Paris, upon leaving a Washington reception, Lindbergh was accosted by the usual wildly enthusiastic crowd. Carried away by fanatical admiration, each one tried to reach his side, to grasp his hand, to pat him on the back. As eager hands reached out a companion felt the flyer wince as from a sharp pain, although no one had touched him. The next minute the crowd broke through the helpless cordon of police. The vanguard came straight for Lindbergh, the pressure at their backs sending them on with terrific force. One of the "pats" meant for Lindbergh fell on the arm of his companion and left a bruise.

Lindbergh himself received a score of these unintentional though painful blows before order was restored. Similar occurrences are liable to happen every time he makes a public appearance.

That the overwhelming success accorded Lindbergh has gone to his head is, of course, a possibility. But if that is true, then it has left no conceit, no braggadocio, none of the unsavory qualities which usually affect a character whose will does not match his ability. If anything, Lindbergh's position has made him more considerate, has sharpened even more his keen sense of responsibility, has made him more concerned about placing his professional deportment on such a foundation that he cannot easily be undermined. In all of his dealings he seeks to be eminently fair. For instance, on the Maya exploration of the Carnegie Institute, the Lindbergh party found a crude little turtle decoy. They came across it on an uninhabited island far down on the Caribbean. Carved by some native fisherman, it had remained out on the deserted beach for many years and Mrs. Lindbergh wanted it. Her husband expressed his willingness for her to take it along providing an adequate price were left for it.

Lindbergh's success has had this effect: it has enabled him to rely implicitly upon his own judgment. "No," without any qualification, he considers a reasonable answer. Under terrific pressure which at times must carry him close to the breaking point, Lindbergh has demonstrated, in his own personal affairs, those three significant qualities which have made him a remarkable pilot and which are accountable for his degree of success. They are: supreme confidence in his own expert ability; determination to hold a true course; and an uncanny sense of direction. He insists upon doing everything possible for himself. His personal acts are as carefully thought out as his flights and he is never known to have undertaken an important assignment before making, entirely for himself, a thorough analysis of his craft, his course and his objective. His continual and impressive substitution of achievements for attempts is the result only of his minute preparation, his ability to organize and master a maze of detail which he entrusts to no one, even to the point of straining the gasoline into his airplane.

That self-sufficiency has, however, closed the doors to many who could be of service to him. He has no difficulty with any phase of his activity except his relations with the newspapers. The public impression of the personal Lindbergh is neither convincingly human nor entirely fair. He has never taken the press into his confidence because, with the exception of a few individuals, he thinks he has found reporters too little inclined to stick to the facts as he sees them. He has a horror of misstatement, exaggeration, and of being cast out of true character. Undoubtedly he has reason for his convictions. One experience is characteristic of many. During his good will flight for the Guggenheim Foundation, one daily, which caters largely to the sensational side of the day's news, sent a reporter south to interview Lindbergh on his health. It so happened that he had just passed a most rigid physical examination for renewal of his pilot's license. The doctor's report was given to the newspaper man.

"Well," the reporter said, tossing the medical report back on the table and giving Lindbergh a glancing appraisal—"my editor sent me down here to get a story on your run down condition and I'm going to get it. You look pretty sick to me!"

Thus there appeared a "scare" story describing, with a wealth of detail, the

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▶▶ Troubles of Empire ◀◀

What the Imperial Conference Faced

By W. Y. ELLIOTT

THE problems which confronted the Imperial Conference were partly a heritage from the settlement reached by the Resolutions of the Earl of Balfour's Committee on Inter-Imperial Relations in 1926. The constitutional principle of "equality of status" announced by the Balfour Report of the last Conference had to be shaped by the 1930 Conference into a legal form approaching finality. Though the official Report is not yet available, the settlement of the most important issues appears to have followed lines already indicated by previous conferences.

The Balfour Report in 1926 made no attempt to go beyond applying its principles to a few urgent questions like the position of the Governors-General and the form for signing the multilateral treaties made under the Crown. Its skilful phraseology left the way open for a retention of as much of the old legal supremacy of the British Parliament at Westminster as the Dominions might be willing (or be persuaded) to concede. The work of getting agreement and the actual application of the principles of "equality" to ticklish matters like the overruling legal validity of British Acts (under the Colonial Laws Validity Act of 1885); the United Kingdom's right of reservation and of disallowance over Dominion Acts; and the limitation of these Acts to their own territory, were all left to the Conference of Legal Experts. A Conference was also to sit on the special questions of the limits imposed upon Dominion Legislatures by the Merchant Shipping Acts, particularly that of 1894, and by the Colonial Courts of Admiralty Act of 1890.

The decisions of this joint Conference, of the greatest importance in deciding the whole future constitutional evolution of the British Commonwealth, passed almost unnoticed by the press at the time. Sitting for nearly two months in the autumn of 1929 and with important Ministers in attendance from all the Governments except the Australasian Dominions, the experts sent in a Report which was published early in 1930. Apparently the Imperial Conference has accepted this Report almost as a whole, if current press reports are correct. It may be summarized very briefly as conceding full legislative powers to the Dominions with only one exception—the formal acknowledgment of a right of disallowance for any Dominion Act that, in the opinion of the British Government, endangers as a "trustee security" any of the loans raised in the London market under the Colonial Stocks Act of 1900.

The acceptance of these principles, legally ratifying almost complete equality of status for the Dominions, carried with it, however, one commitment on another point that seemed to the suspicions of General Hertzog, the South African Prime Minister, to have a hidden "joker" in it: It was agreed by the Experts' Conference that as the Crown was the symbol of the "free association" of members of the British Commonwealth, all were equally interested in changes in its status. No future alterations ought or should be made in the laws governing succession to the Throne or the Royal Titles without the unanimous consent of the Dominions.

This seems, at first sight, a simple enough recognition of equality of status and even a concession to the theory that the Crown is controlled on the same terms of constitutional responsibility by the Dominions as by the United Kingdom. But General Smuts, after his return from his propaganda tour in Canada and the United States, had the bad judgment to challenge the Hertzog Government on this crucial point. According to General Smuts, if this innocent looking formula, which he approved, were to be incorporated in the preamble of the British and Dominion Acts accomplishing the legal changes recommended, it would be tantamount to an avowal that the Crown was indivisible: that it was capable of being acted upon *not separately, but unanimously* in matters of common concern. Its inclusion in the unanimous Recommendations therefore meant the acceptance by the Hertzog Nationalists (professed republicans) of the relation which the South African Party had always supported, and the direct denial of the heretofore pretended right of separate secession and separate determination of all relations with the Crown.

This bit of political scoring off of his old antagonists provoked a storm. The South African delegates had accepted the formula with misgivings at the Experts' Conference. After a direct challenge the Nationalists were forced to uphold their former claims, and General Hertzog once more had to placate his Republican extremists of the *back-veld* by promising to bring back from the approaching Imperial Conference a direct refutation of General Smuts's interpretation and the formal admission of the right of secession. An amending reservation to this effect was carried by a large majority in the lower House of the Union Parliament. The careful work of Balfour and its later fruits have been endangered by an unnecessary political manoeuvre, and a real issue appears that might possibly divide the next Imperial Conference. A still further intrusion of logic into the constitution of the British Commonwealth might result if General Hertzog pressed his point. It will not appear until the official Command Paper giving the report of the Conference is issued whether the British Government has been successful in putting off General Hertzog with a formula that has no legal significance.

The prerogative right of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to grant appeals by special leave, which the Irish Free State Government has declared its intention of nullifying by anticipatory or even by retrospective legislation—thus refusing in effect to apply any verdict contrary to the findings of its own Supreme Court—undoubtedly proved to be a bone of constitutional contention at this Imperial Conference. Certainly the relations of the old Judicial Committee to the proposed Arbitral Tribunal for disputes between members of the British Commonwealth will have to be defined if the latter is accepted in the Report of the Conference. If nothing is said of the Judicial Committee, the silence will itself be significant.

The British Commonwealth's proposed arbitral tribunal was made necessary by the *inter se* reservations to the signatures of all its members, except the Irish Free State, to the optional clause for the compulsory arbitration of disputes by the Permanent Court of International Justice. By these reservations on the part of other members the Irish Free State was prevented from claiming recourse to the Court against Great Britain. The British Foreign Sec-

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retary, Mr. Henderson, explained plainly that the reservation was intended to make sure that the relations between members of the British Commonwealth should be recognized as not being *international*. If the Irish Free State, the Union of South Africa and probably Canada are to accept this as finally disposing of their rights to resort to the World Court against each other and against Great Britain, some inter-Commonwealth tribunal will have to be provided which is more satisfactory than the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. None of these Dominions is content with the present arrangement. The two former Dominions object to the existing body on constitutional grounds and because it is controlled in fact by the British judges on it, and not by the few Dominion judges who sit only occasionally.

The relation also of the Dominions to the dependent Empire have probably had to be reconsidered, particularly in the light of the Viceroy's suggestion that the constitutional position of India should be brought on the agenda of the Conference at which India is always represented and as some of the Imperial Dominion Premiers seem to be attending the Indian Round Table Conference that is now sitting. The West Indies, Southern Rhodesia and some of the other Colonies seem to prefer some voice other than through Lord Passfield, the Colonial Secretary, in the important economic problems of tariff preferences, imperial communications, shipping control, etc., which are reviewed at each Conference, either by a separate Economic Conference as in 1923, or by a sub-Committee of the Imperial Conference. At present the Dominions have only a "consultative" interest in the dependencies, though General Hertzog has spoken his mind freely on white supremacy in East Africa as well as South Africa. The dependencies for their part have no voice in the Imperial Conference except that of India and of the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Lord Passfield has given small comfort to the hard-hit West Indian sugar growers, intent on getting tariff preference increased by raising the British duty on foreign imports.

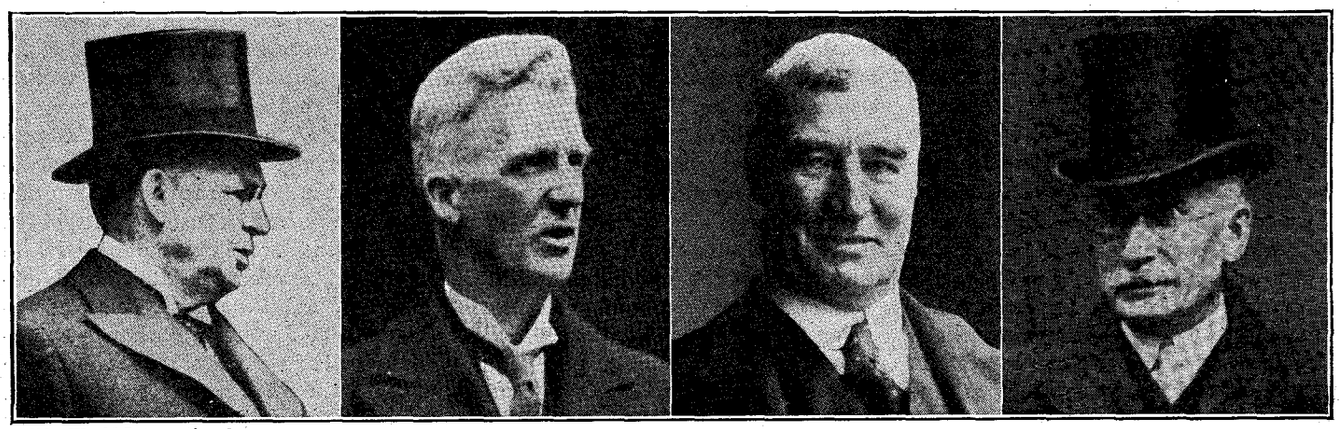
The only possible British policy at the present stage of Imperial developments is to try to get constitutional agreements to act unanimously on laws affecting the Crown, on citizenship, perhaps on merchant shipping, and certainly on issues involving war and peace. In return for the surrender of all legal control some such agreement may have been reached. The Balfour Report, itself a sort of Imperial *credo*, will in that case have been supplemented by some articles of constitutional practice, as well as of faith, in the hopes of holding the Empire together.

In a way this is to reverse the technique employed up to the present by the Dominions office, which retained legal unity but admitted the constitutional or at least the practical right to act separately. The new method will involve the surrender of formal legal unity but will get in return a solemn and voluntary agreement to act on all vital points after joint and unanimous agreement. It is surely one of the most interesting juristic evolutions that the world has ever witnessed. It can only be guess work whether the constitutional morality upon which the successful working of such a system depends will survive the strains sure to be put upon it. But it is certain that the flexibility of the relationship is its greatest advantage at the present stage of Dominion evolution.

The hesitation, indeed the positive antipathy which has been manifested up to this time toward any crystallizing of these legal relationships, has arisen from a desire on both sides that the evolution of constitutional forms should not be rigidly arrested. Great Britain no doubt has hoped ultimately to regain lost ground by persuading the Dominions to come into some sort of Imperial Council with increased powers to act for the whole, and an adequate permanent secretariat, supported both materially and morally by the Dominions. This hope has recently grown apace as the first flush of Dominion nationalism has achieved its ends of "status." With the suspicions of British control removed, the Dominions have become more willing to consider assuming the responsibilities along with the rights of equal partners.

It has seemed probable for a year or more that something of a rationalization and coordination of the already existing Imperial bodies in London would take place. The Imperial Economic Committee, the Imperial Shipping Committee, the Imperial Institute, and the Advisory Committee on Imperial and International Communications (the cable and wireless merger) already represent the Dominion Governments. They might well be more closely coordinated, and some of the smaller bodies added—for instance the Imperial Bureaux of Agriculture, Entomology, and Mycology that now act as research "clearing houses."

The whole will no doubt be called a Commonwealth Secretariat or something of the sort. There may be more frequent sub-conferences of the Imperial Conference, perhaps yearly meetings of the League delegations in London, either before or after the Geneva Assembly. But there is not the slightest prospect of creating anything remotely resembling in its responsibility and powers a genuine common organ which could commit the member governments.



Wide World-International

Premiers Bennett of Canada, Scullin of Australia, Forbes of New Zealand and Hertzog of South Africa

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Joseph Chamberlain's "Great Council of Empire" is as far as ever from realization.

The two historical causes which have always produced federation are lacking: No real threat of external aggression exists, and no willingness to merge fiscal and revenue policies in order to overcome a generally felt economic crisis has yet developed.

That the feeling for some form of closer economic union does exist in Great Britain is witnessed by the Recommendations of the self-styled "Preparatory Committee for the Imperial Conference," composed of the Federation of British Industries, the Association of British Chambers of Commerce, and the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom. They were very nearly identical with the recommendations of the Economic Committee recently accepted by the Trade Union Congress. Though both groups professed to be viewing the matter from the necessity of "rationalizing" production over the whole Empire as well as the utilization of its enormous resources, it is natural that the hope underlying these recommendations is the opening of more Dominion markets for British trade. To produce a willingness on the part of the Dominions to accept some reduction of their program of protective industrialism and of almost closed systems against British emigration, both Reports urged the creation of an "Imperial Economic Secretariat, drawn from all parts of the Empire," comparable to the economic section of the League of Nations.

So far these British efforts to create a real sense of Commonwealth in the Dominions, and in the more autonomous colonial dependencies, awaken very little more than theoretical approval and the usual devoted enthusiasm of that part of a colonial-minded press which always supports British policy—the "Loyalist" press, it could be called. But aside from penalizing foreign countries still more heavily in comparison with the United Kingdom by increasing protective tariffs against the former and giving to Great Britain larger margins of preferences on goods that do not compete with Dominion manufacturers, there is no sign in the Dominions of removing the fiscal barriers which protect their own factories against British competition.

Mr. Bennett's scheme for an all round raising of existing tariffs still farther against foreign goods in favor of Imperial, did not really offer any reduction of tariffs to British goods. His proposal, rejected summarily by the British Labor Government, leaves the recent prohibition tariffs which Australia and Canada have erected, *against even British goods,* still in effect.

This unwillingness to reduce tariffs to help England is not simply due to the fact that Dominion industries know that they cannot withstand a free trade challenge, even under the present high cost of British production. Australia feels too isolated in the Pacific, particularly after the experience of the last war, not to emphasize the strategic value of possessing her own secondary industries. The whole political history of Australia in the last quarter of a century has been a long triumph of protectionism, reaching its apogee—one is tempted to say its reduction to absurdity—under the present Labor Government of the Federal Commonwealth.

Canada, too, already well launched on the most rapid industrialization of all history (surpassing even that of the United States), has just passed a tariff under the new Conservative Government that makes Mr. Bennett's proposals seem almost ironical. South Africa and the Irish Free State are equally attached to the building up of the "infant industries" which shudder at the very mention of free competition from England. The British Labor Party's only hope of increasing the preference granted by the Dominions is by setting up "Import Boards" to control purchases of raw materials in bulk, or to fix quotas of its imports to be bought from the Dominions. But these boards must somehow also protect the British farmer and at the same time not endanger British markets in the Argentine and other countries by refusing to buy there. The prospects of advantages to the Dominions from this plan are therefore extremely slight. Nor can one forget that two-thirds of the total trade in the whole Empire is with foreign countries.

Mr. Thomas, after the not very happy results of his trip as Lord Privy Seal ("Secretary for Unemployment") to get larger scale bargaining from Canada—wheat and raw materials in exchange for British steel and coal—has now become the first Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs who did not combine that office with the Colonial Secretaryship. Although he himself professed that the Government would enter the Imperial Conference prepared to discuss any measures that would improve trade with the Dominions, Mr. Snowden, the formidable Chancellor of the Exchequer, was of another mind. It was Mr. Snowden who eventually carried the Cabinet and the Labor Party.

Mr. Snowden has always made it entirely clear that the Labor Government will rule out in advance any possibility of imposing protective duties on foreign imports of food or raw materials. He has said several times that the Labor Party views even the extension of "safeguarding" industries as a concealed

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Wide World

Delegates to the British Imperial Conference

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▶▶ Slumming at Sea ◀◀

By EDWARD ANGLY

WHENEVER I have crossed the Atlantic in the style to which an expense account accustoms a man, some lonesome deck pacer has always caught me standing and inviting my soul at a rail, and has edged up to tell me that he thought the people down in second class or those in tourist third were having a better time than the rest of us. Such conversations usually start when passengers who have not been properly introduced happen to find themselves gazing downward together, either aft toward a sociable group on the second class sun deck, or forward at a congregation from the "college cabin."

The other fellow's grass is always greener, I suppose. From a distance it has often seemed that every man down on the tourist class deck had a pretty girl to talk to. The children all looked cute and well-behaved. If there were any childless and haughty matrons in sight, they were not wasting their sweetness on Pekinese or poodle dogs. But, even so, I found it difficult to understand why passengers in more comfortable quarters should pine to be with them. After all, first class provided far more room for deck tennis, walking, shuffleboard, putting, dancing and drinking, and more opportunity for privacy than second or tourist third. Besides, if one's idea of a good time at sea was to be let alone and allowed to do nothing, the upper crust could be depended upon to co-operate whole-heartedly.

For a newspaperman, it was a relief not to have to "meet interesting people," as the saying goes, for a whole week. One knew, perhaps, that Ambassador Claudel was in B 68, but one didn't have to go find him and ask questions. One could pass Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Bank on deck twenty times every morning without caring what he thought of the prospects for America's prosperity. One didn't have to inquire of the English earl how long he was to stay in the Unied States or what he intended to do. One could watch C. C. Pyle win, and emphatically take, an auctioned kiss from Irene Bordoni for $400, all for the sake of the sailors' fund, without having to report it. Nor would one have to listen to Charlie Schwab explain why he was optimistic, or bother to find out why Mary Garden, of A deck forward, and Madame Jeritza, of B deck amidships, were cutting each other cold. And as for big business men in golf suits, going abroad to study conditions, they seemed to be having as good a time upstairs in the smoking room as were any of the folk downstairs in second class.

Now that I have come to rely on my own purse to shuttle me back and forth, I have tried both tourist third and second class accommodations, and have reached some terrifically unimportant conclusions about good times, above deck and below. It turned out that all three of my table companions in tourist third were French. There wasn't much talk at lunch, for we had not yet passed the tantalizing twelve-mile limit, but at dinner over the *vin ordinaire* we began to get acquainted. None of us used the standard opening bid of first-class passengers by asking, "Is this your first crossing?" Nor did we discuss whether the Bremen vibrated a good deal, or whether we preferred the Mauretania to the Majestic. No one mentioned the cuisine on the Ile de France, or the orchestra on the Leviathan, or recalled a winter crossing when the captain said the storm was the worst he had experienced in thirty years at sea. Nor was there an exchange of opinions as to which line served the best meals. French travelers, perhaps, do not think there is anything debatable in that question.

Monsieur Delaplanche, who sat opposite me, was, it appeared, a coiffeur. He lived in Philadelphia. He was going back to Mulhouse for awhile to await the return of American prosperity. The beauty parlor business hadn't been so what you say, hot, since the stock market crashed. Until stocks started slipping he used to charge from $15 to $40 for a permanent. Any woman's ten dollar note looked good to him now. Some of his competitors, he said, were charging only $5, and would even give a lady a very ephemeral sort of a permanent for as little as $2.50. One might as well take a holiday until times got better. Alsatian beer would taste good again, he said, but he was afraid he was going to miss the American radio programs and electric refrigerators, and maybe his mother wouldn't think it was funny that he should want ham and eggs for breakfast!

At his right sat Madame Martin. She was petite and pretty and young-looking and we had addressed her as mademoiselle until she told us she had married an American soldier in 1919. Like so many of the Franco-American alliances of that vintage, desertion had followed when the doughboy got back to the Middle West.

Madame Martin had remained on in Chicago, however, for both her father and brother had been killed in the War and she must earn her living. One gained one's bread better in Chicago than in Bordeaux, especially a young woman. She made men's custom-tailored shirts. Business had been bad. Wages had been whacked twenty per cent in July. The foreman had said that if she wanted to take a

Holland America Line

A college group traveling student third on the New Amsterdam

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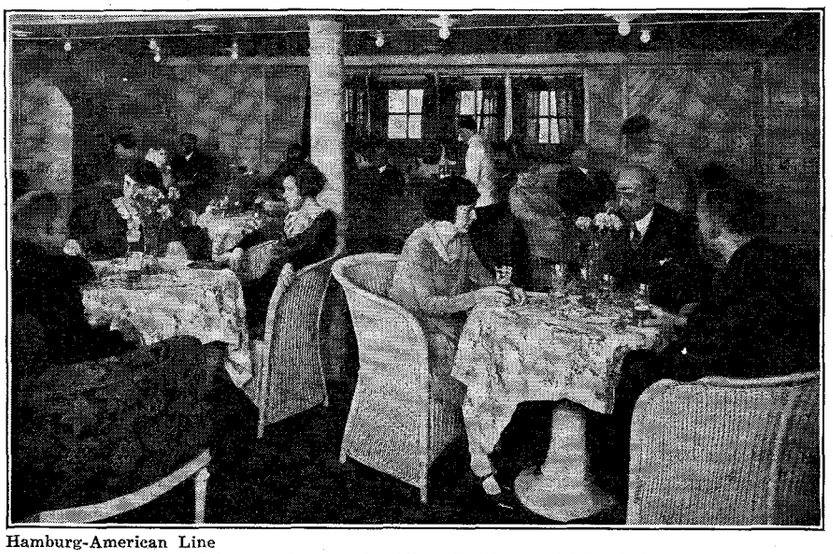
leave she might as well stay away for good. But, what wish you, she could not stay away from her mother indefinitely. She always went home on a visit every three years. Oh! the job would be waiting for her return in the winter, because French girls are better seamstresses than other girls, *n'est-ce pas, Monsieur?* And when one is adept at one's *métier,* one's work is in demand even when the affairs do not march so well.



Hamburg-American Line

Real German beer on the Albert Ballin, tourist third class

Opposite her sat Mademoiselle Charon. Mademoiselle lived in New York. She had gone to America three years ago and she had a good job, and her first papers. She was born in the Clignancourt section of Paris, a working class quarter near the famous "flea market," and she was as Parisienne as Jimmy Walker is New York. Her round face, bobbed hair, bright brown eyes and happy-go-lucky insouciance reminded one of the pink and beautifully rounded *jeunes filles* who smile from the pages of *Le Sourire.*

"It will make me so much pleasure to breathe the air of Paris again," she said. "I prefer New York for working, but in Paris there is more life and more laughter. But a girl like me could not make nearly a thousand francs a week in Paris."

Did Monsieur love Paris, too? Did Monsieur know *Les Halles?* Had Monsieur ever stayed up very late, or got up at the good hour, and gone there to visit the vegetable markets and the flower markets?

Yes, Monsieur had done both, sometimes for fun and an onion soup, and sometimes to buy chickens and feel foolish carrying them down the streets by their cold naked necks at dawn. And often Monsieur had gone to *Les Halles* to economize on flowers.

Alors, she knew every inch of *Les Halles.* She had worked there in the flower market when she was twelve years old. Before that she had delivered milk in the seventeenth *arrondissement,* near the Arc de Triomphe. A chic quarter, the seventeenth, but so few buildings had elevators, and when she was eight and nine years old she had to climb up six and seven flights of stairs in each apartment house on her route, leaving milk bottles at the doors. And for that, Monsieur, a wage of one franc a day, and one had to be out of bed at four o'clock every morning. At *Les Halles* one was up even earlier, and the work was hard, but the flowers were so lovely. One learned a lot of argot at *Les Halles,* among the billowy women in black dresses and thick blue aprons, and the men in corduroys with red or bright blue sashes. A girl at the Paris markets had to be careful not to get knocked down by a heavy cart, and not to stumble over the big stacks of cabbages and the pyramids of turnips, arranged with as much care as the orchids. Sometimes an old *ouvrier,* carrying a rack of vegetables on his back, would give a young girl a slap *au derrière,* just for fun. The *peuple* of Paris might be mean with their sous, but they were gay and good-hearted, *n'est-ce pas, Monsieur?*

What, I wondered, had this demoiselle from Clignancourt thought of New York in those days, three years ago, when her big brown eyes first looked upon its towers and treeless streets?

"Why, the first thing I said to myself was, 'Poof! those buildings are not so high,' " she told me. "I had imagined they would be much taller. You see, when people said there were buildings in New York that went up forty, fifty and even more than fifty floors, I used to look at the buildings in Paris and try to imagine how far they would stick into the sky if they had fifty stories instead of seven or eight. But your American stories are not so high as our Paris stories, so I was disappointed.

"The first time I saw Times Square I started to cross the street, but the friend who was guiding me tugged at my sleeve and told me I must wait until we reached the corner before crossing.

" '*Mais, alors,*' I said to her, 'that is a bit too strong. *Moi, je suis francaise,* and I can risk my own neck if I wish. And with that I darted across Broadway, dodging taxis and tramways. The Americans are a people very disciplined, is it not so? They wait for the green lights, and they never talk back to the cops. One would think every policeman were *Monsieur le President de la Republique.*"

Two days out from New York, one knew the stories not only of Monsieur Delaplanche, Madame Martin and Mlle. Charon, but also those of nearly every one else in tourist third. There were the four girls from Smith College, on their way to Grenoble and the Sorbonne to learn how to roll an "r." There was the Pennsylvania professor of economic geography off to gather data for a book. His itinerary called for visits to eighteen cities in six countries within twenty-three days.

"Tell me the name of a good quiet little restaurant in Paris," he said. "I'll be there only one day, and I'd like to dine well at the end of it."

Ah, Professor, I hope you enjoyed *quenelles de brochet* and washed them down with a Batard Montrachet in the good little corner we recommended to you!

And there was Monsieur Duval, of Belfort, who had emigrated to America in 1888, and was now going back to his native city for the first time since then.

"My friend," he said, "I will be happy to see the Lion of Belfort again, after forty-two years. That is one fortress that frightened the boche with its roar. He couldn't take it in 1870, nor in the big war either. Never will the boche tame that old Lion of Belfort."

With that M. Duval, a wrinkled, white-haired little man of seventy-three, beat his fists upon his narrow chest, like a proud Gallic cock flapping its wings. He emptied his glass, refilled it, and said:

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Hoover and Enforcement

By CHARLES MERZ

In his acceptance speech at Palo Alto, Mr. Hoover had promised a special investigation into prohibition. Two and a half months after his inauguration Mr. Hoover announced the appointment of the law enforcement commission under Mr. Wickersham. In the tenth chapter of The Dry Decade Mr. Merz examines the proposals of the commission as embodied in its preliminary report.

TWENTY-FOUR hours before Herbert Hoover took his oath of office on March 4, 1929, two incidents occurred which brought the story of enforcement up to date. On March 3rd Mr. Hoover's predecessor in the White House signed the Jones Law. On the same day Congress disposed of a bold proposal to add $256,000,000 to the budget of the Prohibition Bureau by deciding that one per cent of this sum would be ample.

Debate over these two questions had precipitated a series of sharp disputes in Congress during the four months which elapsed between Mr. Hoover's election and his inauguration. The Jones Law, warmly endorsed by the leading prohibition organizations, added an amendment to the Volstead Act increasing the maximum penalties of that legislation to five years' imprisonment or $10,000 fine, or both. This measure was brought before the Senate on February 19 and adopted by a vote of 65 to 18, after a clause had been inserted expressing the Senate's intention that the courts "discriminate between casual or slight violations and habitual sales of intoxicating liquors or attempts to commercialize violations of the law[1]." With the Senate's decision the House concurred, by a vote of 284 to 90[2].

Meantime, the dispute over the item of $256,000,000 had come before the Senate in a somewhat less orthodox manner and raised questions which were not so easily decided. During the debate on the Treasury appropriation bill Senator Bruce of Maryland offered an amendment which suddenly and unexpectedly multiplied the appropriation of the Prohibition Bureau approximately by twenty. Without debate, without a roll-call vote and apparently in a moment of sheer carelessness, the amendment was accepted[3].

Immediately Congress was in an uproar. Senator Bruce was a confessed opponent of the law. The drys at once insisted that he had proposed this large increase merely as a gesture and merely for the sake of embarrassing the cause of prohibition. In reply, Senator Bruce pointed to an official estimate made by the Commissioner of Prohibition. Dr. James M. Doran, whose loyalty to the law no one questioned and whose enthusiasm for prohibition had led the Methodist Board of Temperance to describe him as an "outstanding, sincere and trustworthy dry[4]," had testified before a committee of Congress one week before this time that it would cost the federal government $300,000,000 a year if it wished to undertake the responsibilities which the states neglected and attempt to enforce the law in every section of the country[5]. By adding $256,000,000 to the routine appropriation of $13,500,000 already available for the Prohibition Bureau, Senator Bruce's amendment still fell $30,000,000 short of Dr. Doran's estimate.

By whatever accident this item of $256,000,000 had found its way into a Senate bill, here at last was an appropriation which took at face value the frequent assertions of the prohibition organizations that the law must be enforced regardless of the cost. None of the prohibition organizations, however, now raised its voice to welcome this appropriation or to defend it on the ground that an experiment with strict enforcement was fully worth the imposition of a quarter of a billion dollars in new taxes. Nor did the item of $256,000,000 survive the Senate's second thought. Four days after the Senate put this appropriation into the Treasury bill, the Senate took it out[6].

At this point, Senator Harris of Georgia proposed as a substitute that the budget of the Prohibition Bureau be increased to the extent of $25,000,000. This was a much more modest plan. It made as little progress. Secretary Mellon opposed it, on the ground that after years of experience with smaller sums the Prohibition Bureau would not know what to do with a sudden appropriation of this size[7]. The drys in the House opposed it, on the ground that it would embarrass the Administration by increasing the cost of government and leading the country to expect too much enforcement all at once. With most of the leading drys arrayed in opposition, the proposal was rejected in the House by a vote of 240 to 141[8].

In the end, after many conferences, much bickering, a long series of statements from the Treasury Department and a long series of votes in Congress, a compromise was reached on an increase of $1,719,654 instead of $25,000,000 or $256,000,000. This was more according to precedent. The compromise was accepted[9]. The incident was closed.

On the same day that this appropriation was finally ratified by the House of Representatives, Mr. Coolidge signed the Jones Law.

MR. HOOVER thus entered office on the morning after a particularly clear-cut demonstration of the willingness of Congress to adopt more laws and its unwillingness to create machinery to enforce them. This was a familiar story. No two incidents could have summed up more effectively the experience of nine years of prohibition.

There were other familiar factors in the situation confronting an incoming President. The Prohibition Bureau remained essentially the same inadequate agency it had always been. In the five and a half years since Mr. Coolidge succeeded Mr. Harding, to be succeeded by Mr. Hoover, the Bureau had not changed materially. In mid-summer of 1923 it had had 3,413 employees, including its office force: one employee to every 886 square miles of territory. In the spring of 1929 it now had 4,129 employees[10]: one to every 733 square miles of territory.

Meantime, the problems of the Bureau had mounted in the same familiar curve. Shortly before Mr. Hoover entered office, the Department of Justice estimated that smuggling from Canada into the United States had increased by more than seventy-five per cent since 1925[11].

1. *Congressional Record*, 70th Congress, 2nd Session, p. 3742.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 4796.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 518.
4. *New York Times*, June 27, 1927.
5. Testimony before the House Committee on Appropriations, December 5, 1928.
6. *Congressional Record*, 70th Congress, 2nd Session, p. 725.
7. *New York Times*, January 16, 1929.
8. *Congressional Record*, 70th Congress, 2nd Session, p. 2573.
9. *Ibid.*, p. 5184.
10. *New York Times*, March 24, 1929.
11. *New York Times*, December 4, 1928.

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The production of industrial alcohol, with its inevitable opportunities for diversion, had increased from 57,000,000 gallons in 1923 to 92,000,000 gallons in 1928[12]. The quantity of illicit liquor seized by federal agents had steadily increased from 14,346,649 gallons in 1923 to 32,474,233 in 1928, more than doubling in six years[13]. There was nothing essentially new in this. The responsibilities of the Prohibition Bureau had always expanded at a more rapid pace than its equipment. The one new factor in the situation, as Mr. Hoover entered office, was Mr. Hoover's own proposal for an expert investigation into the problem of enforcement.

As originally proposed in Mr. Hoover's acceptance speech at Palo Alto, the plan for an investigation had been limited specifically to prohibition. Reiterating his earlier opinion that the Eighteenth Amendment was "a great social and economic experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose," Mr. Hoover had added this suggestion: "Common sense compels us to realize that grave abuses have occurred—abuses which must be remedied. An organized, searching investigation of fact and cause can alone determine the wise method of correcting them[14]."

It was this comment which had enormously cheered the Republican press in the larger cities during the campaign and given it a text for its appeal to wet Republicans to vote for Mr. Hoover on the ground that his candidacy carried realistic hope of a change in a system of which they disapproved. Mr. Hoover had said that "grave abuses" had occurred. What were these abuses, asked the Republican press in the larger cities, if not the invasion of personal liberties, the breaking down of local authority by a federal bureaucracy and an increasing disrespect of law? Moreover, Mr. Hoover had spoken not only of an organized, searching investigation of "fact" but an organized, searching investigation of "cause." If Mr. Hoover intended to go into the question of "cause," how could he avoid exploring the whole foundation of public opinion on which the Eighteenth Amendment rested?

Whatever the merit of this logic, the investigation originally proposed at Palo Alto had these two characteristics: it was to be directly concerned with prohibition and it was to go into the question of cause as well as fact. In this form the proposal remained throughout the campaign and in this form its possible consequences were endlessly debated.

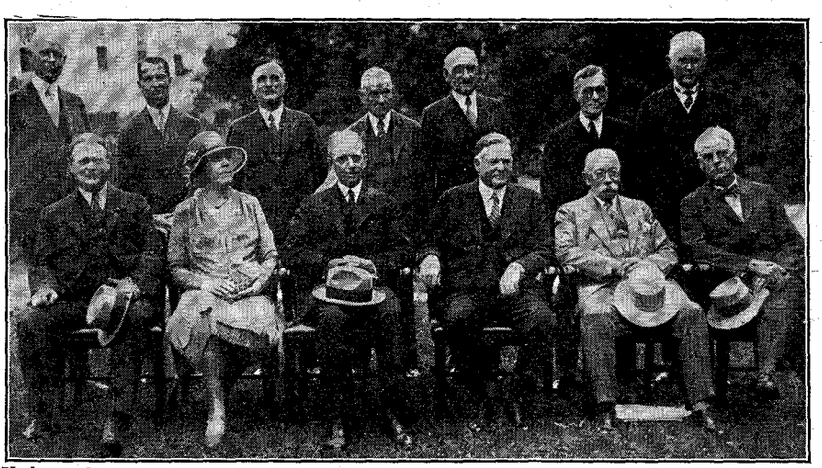
During the four months following the election, however, Mr. Hoover's plan for an investigation considerably expanded. The proposal had originally been aimed at one law. It was now to be aimed at all laws. "I propose to appoint a national commission," said the incoming President in his inaugural, "for a searching investigation of the whole structure of our federal system of jurisprudence, to include the method of enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and the causes of abuse under it. Its purpose will be to make such recommendations for reorganization of the administration of federal laws and court procedure as may be found desirable."

Plainly this was a more ambitious program than Mr. Hoover had originally proposed at Palo Alto. It was also a less satisfactory program to many of those people who had believed that Mr. Hoover's plan was intended to deal specificially and not incidentally with the problem of prohibition.

On one side, Senator Carter Glass complained, as a friend of the Eighteenth Amendment, that prohibition had now been buried in a mass of detail. It was Senator Glass who had introduced the resolution which gave the President's new commission official status and provided it with funds. He had introduced his resolution, he insisted, for the purpose of initiating an investigation into the enforcement of prohibition. "In an unguarded moment," he now complained, "I allowed myself to be persuaded to insert the parenthetical words, 'together with enforcement of other laws.' There was no purpose on earth in making other laws the feature; this was a mere incident to prohibition enforcement. But now what has happened? The parenthesis has been made the main thesis. Prohibition enforcement has been submerged[15]."

Meantime, this new assignment given by the President to his commission was as disappointing to many opponents of the law as to many of its friends. Like Senator Glass, these opponents of the law regretted that prohibition was now to be considered merely as one detail in an investigation which would explore "the whole structure of our federal system of jurisprudence." Unlike Senator Glass, they also regretted that the President had instructed his commission to find methods of enforcing laws rather than to consider the question of whether laws were actually enforceable. For while Mr. Hoover had again referred in his inaugural to the necessity of investigating "causes" as well as "facts," he now affirmed that the purpose of such an investigation would be to discover ways of improving "the administration of federal laws and court procedure."

To those opponents of prohibition whose hopes had been aroused by Mr. Hoover's Palo Alto speech, this decision was unfortunate. It seemed to limit the proposed investigation to a study of the machinery of enforcement, on the assumption that the law could be enforced, when the question of whether the law could be enforced was the real point at issue. If the law could not be enforced, then no amount of study would produce ways



Underwood

THE LAW ENFORCEMENT COMMISSION

Appointed "to make recommendations for reorganization of the administration of federal laws"

12. *Statistics Concerning Intoxicating Liquors*, United States Treasury Department, 1930, p. 26.
13. *Ibid.*, p. 64.
14. Address at Palo Alto, August 11, 1928.
15. *New York Times*, June 20, 1929.

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and means of enforcing it. To instruct the commission in advance as to what conclusion it must reach was to beg the question and to destroy the scientific value of the inquiry.

Moreover, to these critics of the law the President was guilty of serious misjudgment in lumping the Eighteenth Amendment with all other problems of law enforcement and instructing his commission to consider the prohibition of liquor as if it were precisely like the prohibition of murder, robbery or arson. There was an indisputable distinction, the critics of the law insisted, between the enforcement of prohibition and the enforcement of the ordinary criminal law. This decision arose from the fact that the desirability of prohibiting murder or robbery or arson was not challenged anywhere by anyone, whereas the desirability of prohibiting liquor was challenged in many parts of the country by many men and women of unimpeachable character and position.

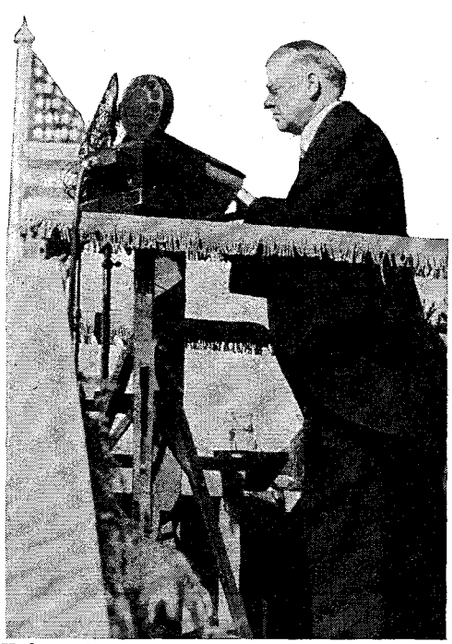
In these circumstances, critics of the law insisted, disobedience of the Volstead Act was not ordinary lawlessness. It was political rebellion. The proper analogy was not with ordinary criminal law but with the resistance of the colonies to British taxation and with the resistance of the southern states to Negro suffrage. There could be no realistic investigation of the problem of enforcing prohibition which did not take this distinction as its fundamental premise.

It was on May 20th, two and a half months after his inauguration, that the President announced the appointment of a Commission on Law Enforcement and Observance, with Mr. George W. Wickersham as chairman, and not until the following January that the first report of this commission was submitted to Congress. Meantime the main outlines of the enforcement policy of the new administration were becoming clear.

In a large sense this policy was based on an appeal to the public to obey the law as a duty of good citizenship. Mr. Hoover made it plain, early in his administration, that there would be no sensational effort to accomplish by force what he plainly hoped, despite the experience of his predecessors, to accomplish by persuasion. "It is the purpose of the federal administration," he said in an address before the Associated Press during his second month in office, "systematically to strengthen its law enforcement agencies week by week, month by month, year by year, not by dramatic displays and violent attacks in order to make headlines, not by violating the law itself through misuse of the law in its enforcement, but by steady pressure, steady weeding out of all incapable and negligent officials, no matter what their status[16]."

To this early plan several additions were later made, all aimed at the same goal of a sober and efficient effort. The Prohibition Bureau, under new management, announced that it would now cease "wasting time upon pitiful, picayunish, non-commercial cases" and concentrate its activities against large commercial violations[17]. In order to detect such violations the Bureau proposed to organize picked squads of men at strategic points throughout the country, reporting directly to Washington, and consisting of agents especially qualified "for the investigation of larger and more far-reaching conspiracies[18]." An effort would be made to improve the personnel of the entire service by the choice of a higher type of men. The Bureau would attempt "to train agents to act always as gentlemen, to use their brain rather than their brawn in discharging their duties. They will not use weapons except for self-defense[19]."

This was the Hoover program of enforcement. It is possible that it seemed new and promising at the time it was announced, a sharp break with the past and the prelude to a more successful future. If this was true, it was not because these various proposals were actually new, but because so many different plans to enforce the law had been made at so many different times by so many different men that a long series of experiments with Mr. Hoover's plan had now been generally forgotten by the public.



Underwood

In his acceptance speech Mr. Hoover called for "an organized searching investigation of fact and cause" of the abuses of prohibition

The decision to avoid "dramatic displays" in order "to make headlines" and to substitute quiet, orderly enforcement for sensational methods had been announced for the first time not in April, 1929, but in December, 1927. "Officials of the Treasury Department have ordered the abandonment of dramatic raids with subsequent sensational advertising," it was announced on this occasion. "Quiet, orderly enforcement of the law rather than sensational efforts is the new policy of the Prohibition Bureau[20]."

The decision in favor of a "steady weeding out of all incapable and negligent officials" had first been announced in July, 1921, when Major Haynes came into office with a plan to rid the enforcement service of all agents who were not "of unquestioned integrity, firm conviction and patriotic purpose[21]." It had been announced for a second time in January, 1926, when Major Haynes gave way to General Andrews, who declared that he wanted only "the finest, cleanest-cut type of intelligent, purposeful, clever men[22]." It had been announced for a third time in September, 1927, when command of the enforcement service once more changed hands and General Andrews gave way to Mr. Seymour W. Lowman. For six years Mr. Lowman's predecessors had been organizing an efficient staff. Now Mr. Lowman announced that in weeding out inefficient members of this staff his arm grew tired "signing orders of dismissal[23]."

There were other familiar items in this new program. The plan for picked squads of trained investigators at strategic points had first been tried in

(Please Turn to Page 557)

16. *New York Times*, April 23, 1929.
17. *New York Times*, July 31, 1930.
18. *Ibid.*
19. *Ibid.*
20. *New York Times*, December 2, 1927.
21. *New York Times*, July 4, 1927.
22. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, p. 1461.
23. *New York Times*, September 10, 1927.

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▶▶ A Smart Swede ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

THE motion picture producer who turned down *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* because he felt that the public was "sick of football stories" had Knute Rockne rather than Victor Hugo in mind. His confusion was a subtle compliment to the Norwegian gridiron genius who has made Notre Dame synonymous with football perfection.

There have been many illustrious teachers of football since Walter Camp modified English Rugby to suit our more rugged American tastes, but the Yosts, Haughtons, Warners, Zuppkes, Cavanaughs and Staggs never gained such nation-wide recognition or developed so many all-conquering elevens as Knute K. Rockne of Voss, Norway, and South Bend, Indiana.

This many sided greatly gifted Norwegian would have made his mark in any line of endeavor. Football happened to appeal to him as a profession absorbing enough to justify making it his lifework. It is at once his vocation and his avocation, but Rockne has many successful side lines. "Rock" is an assistant professor of chemistry at Notre Dame, a nationally known lecturer and after dinner speaker, the organizer of a thriving insurance business, a motion picture technician producing films which deal with athletics, a travel tour director, and an automotive sales manager.

The General Motors Corporation employs Rockne in his off season as a sort of sales crusader, charged with the task of arousing lagging salesmen, stimulating those who have become discouraged. Without being a fire-eater or a professional evangelist, Rockne is a born whipper-up. He scorns oratorical tricks, florid frenzies. His is the rare gift of imparting what he knows to others, of winning their confidence, of awakening loyalty. Great teachers are born, and Rockne, like Ed Leader of Yale, can teach almost any subject.

"When I was on the Notre Dame squad," Rockne told me, "we had a coach who tore a passion to tatters. Before a game he would rip off his collar, shake his fist in our faces and shriek: 'Are you bums going to quit like a lot of yellow curs or are you going to fight?' After three or four doses of such blood and iron, a hard-boiled halfback turned to his varsity guard and said: 'What do you think of the old man's act today, Bill,—not so hot, eh?'

"That experience taught me the folly of trying to work on the emotions of high strung, impressionable boys. I never key up my teams that way. You get better results by talking quietly to the men, pointing out their technical mistakes and making constructive criticism."

ROCKNE is a gridiron fundamentalist. His elevens have been hailed as the "supreme exponents of ultramodern football." This tells a misleading half truth, is a superficial judgment. Actually, Rockne's teams are a throw-back to the hard blocking, savage tackling, quick charging Nineties. They exemplify the tactical methods which once made Yale supreme on the cross-barred field.

Rockne stresses clean-cut blocking, tight-knit interference, sharp tackling, lusty kicking, coordination between line and backs—in short "corn beef and cabbage football." Snoopers who seek black magic in the Notre Dame system will be disappointed. Rockne employs the forward pass primarily as a threat. Rushing is the basis of his system.

His teams are living sermons in the value of homespun fundamentals. You see eleven Notre Dame men in every play, each assignment carried out to the letter, the defensive end flattened, the tackle boxed, the wingback cut down, interferers mopping up ahead of the carrier.

It is one for all and all for one on Notre Dame elevens. Speed is the keynote, size secondary if the smaller man has dash and fire. Rockne never turns down a bantam weight lineman merely because the candidate lacks bulk. Metzger, one of the present Notre Dame guards, weighs only 155 pounds, but he is all over his beefy adversaries like a cooper hooping a barrel. You should have seen this agile midget knife through Penn's defense to tackle Masters, ten yards behind the scrimmage line.

Rockne was not impressed by Metzger's scrawny, slight physique when the pigmy first reported for practice and brazenly announced that he was a guard.

"Aren't you a little bit small for guard, son?" said the skeptical Rockne. "Yes, Coach," retorted Metzger, "but I'm a little bit rough." P. S. He got the job—and held it.

Of course the South Bend wizard has great material with which to work. The name Notre Dame now symbolizes the football prestige which once was Yale's. Toward South Bend gravitates annually the flower of the gridiron talent developed in America's parochial schools. Catholic boys have a flair for football. The Irish stock may be running short, but if the Celts no longer predominate in Notre Dame lineups, the Italians, Slovaks, Poles, Germans, and Scandinavians are valiantly carrying on the Rockne tradition. Touchdowns by Carideo, Koski, Savoldi or Stuhldreher count for as much on the scoreboard as those made by Brady, Flannagan, Crowley and O'Reilly.

Boys of the Protestant faith have helped make Notre Dame football history. George Gipp, greatest of Rockne's backs, was the son of a Congregational minister. The Miller family—German Lutherans—gave Notre Dame five football brothers.

ROCKNE picks his elevens in spring practice. All the contact work is done out of season. There are few scrimmages for the varsity once the campaign begins. The fall is devoted to polishing the famous Rockne shift—that sudden deployment of forces which concentrates overwhelming power against the enemy flank and exemplifies General Forrest's definition of strategy: "Getting thar fustest with the mostest men."

Notre Dame, isolated from big town distractions, exudes football atmosphere. Nine out of ten students play the game on their hall teams, if not good enough for the varsity squad. There are no co-eds, no feminine diversions. Working boys comprise over half the student body.

Given these tough fibred types, Rockne's genius as an organizer, morale builder and football strategist has free scope, flowers in such perfectly coordinated elevens as the one that is now sweeping toward a national title which will be something more than mythical if Notre Dame beats Northwestern, Army and Southern California in a row.

Contemplating Notre Dame's record, you can scarcely agree with that impudent Irish tackle who in answer to Rockne's query—"Is there anything dumber than a dumb Irishman?" retorted, "Yes, a smart Swede!"

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Buy Now—Why?

WE MOVE, Mr. Chairman, a vote of thanks to Ward Melville for giving the "Buy Now" slogan both meaning and punch. It has no real significance or power, as he sees it, unless it is hitched up to a reason. And the reason is that many things we need are cheaper now than they have been for years, and probably cheaper than they will be again for some time to come.

Mr. Melville is president of the largest shoe retailing organization in the country. It comprises four chains—the John Ward, Rival, Thom McAnn and Traveler units—with 508 retail outlets and estimated total sales for 1930 in excess of $28,000,000. On November 1 the organization put into effect a schedule reflecting sharp reductions in retail shoe prices. The response of the buying public was immediate and emphatic. Since the reduction was announced the four chains have registered a thirty per cent increase in sales.

Heartened by these results, Mr. Melville telegraphed each of his 508 store managers that their jobs and those of their sales staffs were absolutely secure, and that the factories would continue to operate on full-time, full-wage schedules. And he urged every employee of the corporation to cooperate with local merchants and Chambers of Commerce by purchasing immediately whatever he or his family normally requires. All of which, saith the cynic, is fine advertising for Mr. Melville's shoes. We hope it is, and with the consent of our second, Mr. Chairman, we will amend our motion to read "a *rising* vote of thanks."

Struggles of the Oils

PRORATION does not appear to be doing as much for the petroleum industry as was hoped. Most of the oil producers who attended the recent meeting of the American Petroleum Institute in Chicago agreed that serious inequities exist in the present situation, but on the question of what could be done to bring about a proper balance in the industry there was a wide divergence of opinion.

That there should be further curtailment of production, on a basis of world-wide cooperation, has been urged by a director of the Royal Dutch Shell Company, which, with its controlled and affiliated companies, is the world's largest producer of crude oil. The oil industry, said this visiting executive, Mr. F. Godber, is in a different position from other over-producing industries such as rubber, wheat and cotton, because crude oil, once wasted, cannot be replaced.

Curtailment and reasonable prices, said Mr. Godber, are the logical solution of the whole problem, but it is not fair that the American division of the industry should be asked to make this sacrifice unless other countries will cooperate in the same way. This they are apparently willing to do.

Only a few weeks ago the world's leading producers of copper got together for stabilization of the industry by the curtailment route, and the price of copper reacted favorably almost instantly. If there is, as there appears to be, a fair possibility of accomplishing the same result for petroleum, American producers might well favor the attempt.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) November 20—80.8. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) November 20—72.4.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended November 8—881,401 (reduction of 53,239 under preceding week and of 167,567 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended November 15—43% of capacity (same as preceding week).

Crude Oil Production Week ended November 15—daily average gross 2,304,550 barrels (increase of 7,300 over preceding week; reduction of 315,450 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended November 15—756,000 bushels (reduction of 715,000 under preceding week and of 2,548,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended November 20—$8,882,742,000 (reduction of 1% under preceding week and of 42.7% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended November 20—569 (increase of 74 over preceding week and of 97 over same week of 1929).

Vagaries—Series 11

DESPITE the recent flurry, says our friend Frank Sullivan, American humor is basically sound. The country is still awfully funny. With thanks to one of the country's funniest for this introduction, we resume the Chronicle of Oddities with:

1. That seizure of 350 cases of champagne and liquors, billed from Brooklyn, N. Y., to a Detroit firm as polished granite.

2. That boost to the tobacco business in England, arising from discovery of the fact that King George's aunt, the Princess Louise, smokes "gaspers."

3. That application of the conveyor system to the feeding of industrial workers in Moscow. Elapsed time—an average of 14.47 minutes per meal.

4. That young New Yorker, Milton Sloan, who spotted a crook in Madison Avenue, and seeing no policeman near by, turned in a fire alarm. He got the crook.

5. That new synthetic stone, maizolith, made from chemically digested corn cobs. It can be machined and polished into non-metallic gears, washers, panels and other objects such as are now made from hard rubber and bakelite.

6. That device, the "breath relay," which kills the old joke about blowing out the electric light. It consists of special contacts mounted in a small tube with a mouthpiece like that of a telephone. Blow into the mouthpiece and the lights connected with it go out.

A Challenge to Politicians

ONE does not expect, says Norman Tiptaft in *Business or Bankruptcy?* (Elkin Mathews & Marrot, Ltd., London, 2s. 6d.), a banker to be an expert on horse racing or a professional footballer to be an expert horticulturist. Why, then, should one expect a politician to solve a business problem?

Well, Mr. Tiptaft, we'll bite. Why, indeed? We are inclined to agree with you that it is the politician who has been steadily and harmfully interfering with trade during the past few years. In England, you say, trade has been growing steadily worse. As a matter of fact we are not exactly sitting pretty over here.

Your alternative to business, you say, is bankruptcy, but you believe that instead of going into bankruptcy you can do more business, and thus work out of the doldrums. We are with you there, too, and if you'll come over here and tell us more about it we'll have Grover Whalen meet you and Mayor Walker welcome you and five thousand business executives listen to you.

And please bring your solution with you. We mean those two executives, free from party political control, who are going to save England from bankruptcy by cutting down her expenses and increasing her income. We should like to see them. We might like to borrow them, too.

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▶▶ The Anti-Trust Laws Under Fire ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

WHILE the trust problem is no longer the live issue it was two decades ago, Federal legislation against the trusts still remains on the statute-books and whether it shall stay there intact is now a question of growing interest. Agitation against the anti-trust laws has been gaining headway for several years. Some critics demand that they be repealed forthwith; others do not favor repeal but "modernization," but both these groups find opponents who insist that the laws be let alone while the Supreme Court by its interpretations adapts them to changing conditions.

Some of the objections urged against the anti-trust laws are: (1) They are obsolete, being designed to meet a situation which no longer exists; (2) they make it a criminal offense for members of an industry to co-operate in establishing an equilibrium between production and consumption; (3) they have contributed to the overdevelopment and excessive output of industry by fostering undue competition; (4) they have led to the wasteful exploitation of natural resources; (5) they are enforced only spasmodically because they no longer fit modern conditions, and (6) they hamper legitimate business by creating harassing uncertainties.

Collectively, these criticisms constitute a sweeping indictment. Is it justified? For a concrete answer the critics point to the present plight of the oil and copper industries, and a brief survey of their status may throw some light on this debatable matter.

In 1929 the Petroleum Institute, representing the leading oil producers, in consultation with several high government officials, devised a plan for curtailing oil production, under Federal supervision, to the level of 1928. In the end, however, the Federal authorities, acting on the advice of the Attorney General, declined to participate, as it was held that their approval would in no way confer privileges on the industry which were inconsistent with the Sherman act. At the same time the Hoover Administration announced its opposition to any amendment of the law which would authorize the Federal Government to co-operate in the curtailment, as this might involve the government in price-fixing.

The Administration at this time had special reasons for wishing to avoid any appearance of countenancing the fixing of prices under government authority. Any step in that direction in the case of oil would almost certainly have been seized upon by the Western insurgent Republicans as an argument for the fixing of prices of farm products under Federal auspices, and the battle which had raged over the McNary-Haugen bill and which was ended only by two vetoes by President Coolidge, might have been renewed.

THIS refusal of the Federal authorities to assist the oil industry in reducing its output left state action still available as a remedy, and in effecting curtailment by co-operation with the state governments the industry is meeting with a fair measure of success. Many of the oil-producing states have passed the needed enabling legislation for pro-rating the output among the producers, and for some time production has been slowly declining.

More recently the copper industry has taken steps to adjust output to consumption without trespassing on the forbidden territory of the Sherman act. By a strange combination of circumstances the domestic copper producers owe much of their present troubles to a liberalization of the anti-trust laws by a Democratic administration. In 1918 Congress amended the Sherman act so as to legalize the combination of competing concerns "for the sole purpose of engaging in export trade." This measure, known as the Webb-Pomerene act, authorized the formation of export associations which might fix prices for export and do other things which would be illegal in domestic commerce. Acting under this statute, the copper companies formed the Copper Exporters, Inc.

Although the producers could not agree on prices for the home market without violating the law, they could fix an export price for their association and then, acting voluntarily and individually, they could base their domestic price on the export price. By following this procedure the copper industry early in 1929 seemed to have fallen into a bed of roses. The price of copper moved up quickly from 14 to 24 cents, and when buying began to slacken it fell back to 18 cents, where it remained pegged for a year.

This price was immensely profitable for a time, and production was greatly stimulated. But at mid-year, 1929, industrial activity began to slacken and there came a slump in the demand for copper. The producers soon found themselves struggling with huge surplus stocks, which it was expensive to carry, but they held grimly to their 18-cent price until April, 1930, when at one stroke the price was cut to 14 cents.

During the next six months the price receded until it reached 9½ cents, the lowest since 1895. At the same time stocks on hand continued to increase, because production did not fall off so rapidly as demand. The industry was paying the penalty for its violation of economic law. Finally, in November, as the situation grew continually worse, domestic and foreign producers met in New York and worked out a plan for holding the output within the limits of consumer demand during the existing emergency.

Although the copper producers stated that they had been advised by competent counsel that their agreement was well within the law, the announcement of their plan of curtailment was made the occasion for new preachments by some financial writers against the iniquity of the anti-trust laws. There has been no hint from Washington, as these lines are written, of Federal interference. Whether it comes or not, the case appears to be quite different in principle from that presented by the oil industry a year ago. In the oil agreement the essential feature was sanction of curtailment by a Federal board, and when the Attorney General ruled that this approval could not confer immunity from the operation of the anti-trust laws the scheme came to naught. The copper plan calls for no government intermediary and imposes no coercion upon individual producers.

ALL IN all, it seems far-fetched to place all the blame for the plight of the oil and copper industries on laws against combinations in restraint of trade. These statutes may have made it more difficult for the oil industry to extricate itself from a situation due to the desire of every driller to get all the oil he can out of a known pool before somebody else gets it, but that situation is the industry's own creation and would have developed whether there had been a Sherman act or not.

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The Leisure Arts

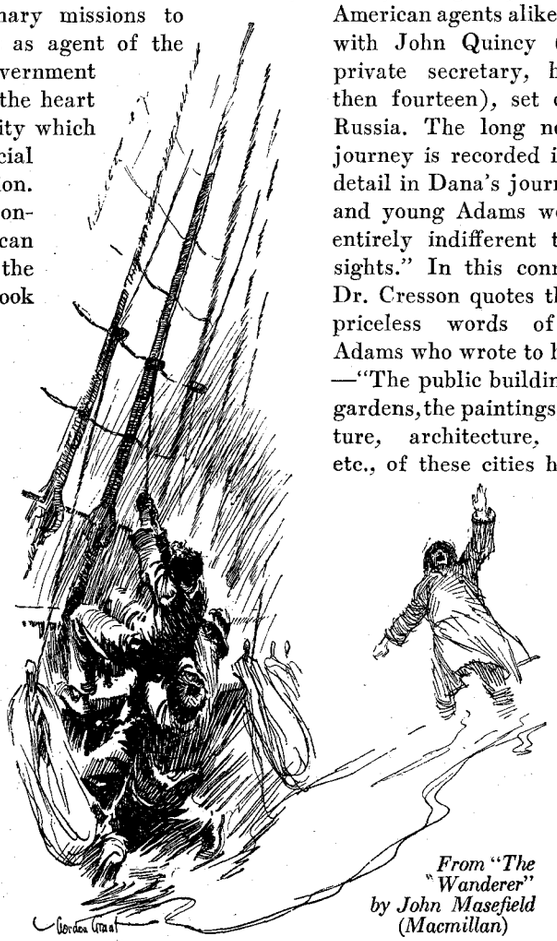
Speaking of Books — The Theatre — The Movies

A Friend of the Adamses

IF ANY further evidence were needed of the startling force of the personalities of the Adamses of Massachusetts, it could be found in the pages of W. P. Cresson's book, *Francis Dana, A Puritan Diplomat at the Court of Catherine the Great* (Dial Press $5). These somewhat pedestrian pages, not so much biographical as historical, and dealing with an obscure chapter of early American diplomacy, spring into life whenever the name of Adams appears upon them. Dana, in later life a conspicuous champion of the common law in Massachusetts, was the associate of John Adams in the post-revolutionary missions to Europe. He was sent as agent of the new United States government to Russia, which was the heart of the Armed Neutrality which threatened the commercial life of the new nation. The tacit European conspiracy against American trade in which even the colonies' late ally took part, was what Dana was expected to defeat.

In spite of the implications of Dr. Cresson's sub-title, the Puritan diplomat had little contact with the court of Great Catherine. Indeed, reading Dr. Cresson's pages one often wonders how he could have been so long hopeful, so innocent under the treatment, always negligent and often insulting, which he received. He was never officially noticed in Russia, and he actually accomplished nothing there. He had to work, as did Adams, against the incompetence, the grudging assistance, the dubious zeal, if not the outright treachery, of other American agents. And the minute record of his work, much of which appears publicly for the first time in Dr. Cresson's book, is for the student of history rather than for the general reader. The general reader will find his pleasure in the excerpts from diaries and letters, especially those which concern the Adamses. John Adams, John Quincy, a lad of thirteen, and Dana traveled to Europe together, landing in Spain and making the long trip up to Paris. They all kept diaries. "Perhaps," writes Dr. Cresson, "no voyagers ever recorded their Odyssey with more talent or more unfailing diligence." After great delays and discussions, and hampered on every hand by foreign diplomats and American agents alike, Dana, with John Quincy (as his private secretary, he was then fourteen), set out for Russia. The long northern journey is recorded in some detail in Dana's journal. He and young Adams were not entirely indifferent to "the sights." In this connection, Dr. Cresson quotes the ever priceless words of John Adams who wrote to his wife —"The public buildings and gardens, the paintings, sculpture, architecture, music, etc., of these cities have already filled many volumes. But what are all these things to me?" (They were to be quite a lot to his great-grandson.) Dana and young Adams were "able to throw off in some degree these Spartan affectations . . . but the frivolous graces of their calling were beyond their ability or desire." So the frivolous graces which, while they could not have added to the value of Dr. Cresson's book, might have added to its popularity, are not to be found in it. Occasionally there is a quotation from the comment of a foreign diplomat, full of malice and humor which must have astounded Dana. And striking incidents stand out concerning the "backstairs diplomacy" which was the only kind in which Dana was permitted to have a part. For instance, we learn that the system of "fees" commonly paid in those days to the ministers who signed treaties was baldly managed in Russia. Adams wrote from Paris that the five thousand pounds sterling which was needed for "gifts" if the treaty opening the seas to American commerce was to be signed was "in the opinion of some" more than it was worth. Before the Russian negotiations were given up, Dana lost his young secretary. John Quincy left no record of his strangely prolonged trip from Russia to France, where he decided to go to continue his studies. It took him six months, and Cresson quotes amusing paragraphs from letters exchanged by Dana and John Adams who were occasionally able to forget diplomatic duties in wondering where "Master Johnny" was and what he was doing. Dana, aware of John Quincy's precocious and amazing abilities, was also aware of the major defect of his character, the defect which was to give him so much trouble in his political life. He wrote to John Adams advising him to warn his son against feeling "a certain superiority about himself."

"The influence of Catherine the Great on the course of the American Revolution," writes Dr. Cresson, "was neither accidental nor indirect. . . . Had it pleased the Empress to wield the naval strength of Armed Neutrality against the pretensions of the 'Ocean Tyrant,' the English fleets would have been forced to adopt a precarious defensive—and the American Revolution would have ended in the months succeeding Yorktown." That influence is clearly presented in Dr. Cresson's volume, and one wonders at the fact that the precious



From "The "Wanderer" by John Masefield (Macmillan)

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Dana papers upon which the work is based have lain so long unused. Nevertheless, for the general reader this portrait of the Puritan diplomat takes on its greatest value as it takes on its undoubted interest from the fact that Dana was a friend of the Adamses.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

WITHIN the past two years five books about Andrew Johnson have appeared. The latest is *The Age of Hate*—a title well sustained by the narrative. (Coward-McCann $5). Its author is George Fort Milton, the brilliant editor of the Chattanooga *News*.

These recent biographies go far to establish the facts that Johnson did his best to carry out Lincoln's plans for a reasonable and honorable reconstruction of the southern states; that the opposition to any conciliatory measures was well under way while Lincoln was still living; and that the hostility to Johnson waged by the Radical leaders—notably, Thad Stevens, Ben Wade, and Sumner—was malicious and violent. Mr. Milton dubs Stevens the Caliban of Johnson's administration, Stanton the Marplot, and Sumner its "eerie, evil genius." General Grant, Ben Butler and Carl Schurz fare hardly any better in the author's view.

Johnson's activity as Senator and as Military Governor of Tennessee was of immense value in making the state loyal. He was passionately opposed to secession and slavery. This book gives the best picture of that period of his life. Oddly enough, Jefferson Davis, whom Johnson wanted to hang, gave, in a talk with a friend when Davis was a prisoner in Fortress Monroe, one of the best estimates of Johnson. Davis said: "His habits were marked by temperance, industry, courage, and unswerving perseverance; also by inveterate prejudices or preconceptions on certain points, and these no arguments could change . . . . he possessed a courage which took the form of angry resistance if urged to do or not do anything which might clash with his convictions of duty."

This is all true of Johnson once aroused, but he was also given to procrastination and hesitation. The most important example of this is his slowness in removing Stanton from the Cabinet; he delayed while Congress enacted the Tenure of Office law which, as passed, forbade the President to remove a Cabinet officer without the consent of the Senate. Obviously the thing to do was to test the constitutionality of that law before the Supreme Court; Johnson knew it, but he and his lawyers pottered about, failed to get the matter before the court, made an abortive attempt to drive Stanton out by sending General Thomas to seize the office (Thomas and Stanton put on a comic scene and had a drink together) and so bungled the whole business. Now this matter was the one thing in Johnson's impeachment that was taken at all seriously; and if it had not been for the fine argument of Evarts and the high sense of justice of a few men like Senator Fessenden, who put honor before politics, Johnson would have been turned out of the presidency.

Another of Johnson's failings was that he *would* talk extemporaneously, probably a habit of his early political life. Always he could be "drawn" by hecklers. Before he started on the famous "Swing Around the Circle," Senator Doolittle of Wisconsin wrote him: "*Our enemies, your enemies,* have never been able to get any advantage from anything *you ever wrote.* But what you have said extemporaneously . . . . has given them a handle to use against you." And the result of Johnson's disregard of this kind caution was terrible!

Johnson was not a drunkard, he was not a traitor, he was not a friend of southern arrogance. He came from the people and his instinct and desire were to see the mass of the southern people treatly fairly and that their states should become as soon as practicable a valid, honorable and prosperous part of the country. R. D. T.

"BACKGROUND with Figures" by Cecilia Beaux (Houghton, Mifflin $5, illustrated with reproductions of the artist's work). This delightful book of reminiscences by America's best-known woman painter bears out the belief that painters are apt to write well. Miss Beaux opens her book with a sensitive record of her earliest impressions of the world around her, impressions rich in color. Plain living and high thinking were the rule in this household where a French widower father shared the responsibility for his two daughters with a New England grandmother. The poet that was to develop by easy progression into the painter appears in these pages. Then come the years of study, at first desultory because the family was not certain of the strength of young Cecilia's talent or of the wisdom of allowing her to embark upon the career of a professional painter. But those were the days before exploitation by dealers had made painting into a trade and, cutting producer off from public, had lowered the social position of the artist. The young woman grew to maturity,

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FRANCIS DANA

A Puritan Diplomat at the Court of Catherine the Great

By W. P. Cresson

Author of "Diplomatic Portraits"

"Mr. Cresson has, it seems to me, brought to life in a very vivid fashion, a man who, to most Americans, was an obscure and little known figure. The book is written entertainingly, with anecdotes which illuminate the subject, and portrays graphically the colourful Court of the great Catherine. I congratulate your firm on the excellent format which you have given to a volume which properly merits it."—Claude Moore Fuess.

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LINCOLN MACVEAGH

The Dial Press—New York

worked and lived in an atmosphere of intellectuality and gentility. The account of her early training in making lithographs from fossils for the illustration of scientific works is most interesting because Miss Beaux finds the experience to have been invaluable to her. Interesting, too, is her strong concern for form and her consequent indifference to the impressionist movement, then in full flower. Her student years in Philadelphia, where she came indirectly under Eakin's influence, and in France are delightfully described, the record of her many friendships with personages in the intellectual and social world graciously treated. Miss Beaux's long experience as a portrait painter brought her the unusual privilege of painting Clemenceau and Cardinal Mercier. Her insight and sympathy give intimate value to her word-portraits of those great figures. *Background with Figures* contains much critical comment on painters and on methods and ideals in painting upon the soundness of which we cannot here speculate. It should be useful to students of painting, even to those who do not share Miss Beaux's opinions. But her book is chiefly rich as the personal narrative of a woman both sensitive and alert who lived in a world which has disappeared. F. L. R.

"ANCIENT Life in the American Southwest" by Edgar L. Hewett (Bobbs, Merrill $5). A sufficient number of books have been written about the Southwest and the American Indian to comprise a large library, but so many of them are by authors who do not know enough about their subject or (and this is far worse) who completely lack a sympathetic understanding of their subject that it is with a certain amount of trepidation that one who knows and loves the Southwest and her people turns to a new book about this section. Dr. Hewett, the author of the current book, is an archæologist of note, heads the Department of Anthropology at the University of New Mexico, is Director of the School of American Research and of the Museum of New Mexico, and has lived in the Southwest many years. It would thus seem that he is admirably qualified to write of that section and its original people. His book is comprehensive, detailed, studied, conscientious; its subject matter is handled in a well ordered and logical fashion, beginning with a general history of the American race, continuing with a study of the Indian through his tradition, his mythology and his æsthetics, and concluding with a study of him through what has been revealed by archæological research. It is well done and undeniably will be of no little value to students of the Southwest, but Dr. Hewett is an archæologist first, last and always, and it is as an archæologist that he has written this book. In its foreword he himself says that one who attempts to interpret the Indian should be equally naturalist, humanist, artist and philosopher, and Dr. Hewett has functioned in all these capacities to a certain extent, but more than half of the book is devoted to archæological research. In the opinion of this reviewer, better balance would have been preserved for the book had the author laid less emphasis upon scientific research and more upon Indian cosmography in its largest sense, showing the Indian's passionate relationship to the earth, the stars, the entire cosmos, and that his folklore, his art, his tradition, his religion, the every element of his life has its roots in this relationship. B. W.

Books in Brief

Among the books received too late for detailed review we find:

Letters of James Whitcomb Riley (Bobbs, Merrill $5). These Riley letters, edited and furnished with an introduction by William Lyon Phelps, are American stuff, as typical of their time as are the works of the new Nobel prize winner. The letters reveal not only the

The Outlook's Five-Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Mystery: **Mr. Commissioner Sanders,** by Edgar Wallace: Doubleday Doran.

Novel: **The Water Gipsies,** by A. P. Herbert: Doubleday Doran.

Biography: **Background with Figures,** by Cecilia Beaux: Houghton Mifflin.

Miscellaneous: **Tin Pan Alley,** by Isaac Goldberg: John Day.

The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Philippa, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick: Houghton Mifflin. A highly readable novel about a modern girl and her divorced parents. Reviewed November 5.

The Water Gipsies, by A. P. Herbert: Doubleday Doran. A charming, leisurely novel of English people and waterways by a humorist whose love for both does not take the edge off his wit. Reviewed November 19.

Twenty-Four Hours, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. Dextrous but undeceiving imitation of life in a story of New Yorkers. Reviewed September 24.

The Deepening Stream, by Dorothy Canfield: Harcourt, Brace. A rich, moving story of a woman's growth into fullness of life. Reviewed October 15.

Angel Pavement, by J. B. Priestley: Harper. "Good old-fashioned tack," ripe, juicy and full-measure. You'll enjoy this English story. Reviewed September 10.

Non-Fiction

Lives of a Bengal Lancer, by F. Yeats-Brown: Viking Press. An exciting account of a many-sided life in India. Reviewed November 5.

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor, now available in a new edition with special preface by the author. Reviewed May 21.

Memories and Vagaries, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. An American edition of a collection of sketches and character studies which was published in London in 1898. Reviewed November 26.

Mary Baker Eddy, by L. P. Powell: Macmillan. A sympathetic biography of the founder of Christian Science. Reviewed November 19.

Strange Death of President Harding, by M. D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. A volume of overwhelming revelation. Reviewed August 27.

▸▸*In This Issue*◂◂

JOHN S. GREGORY is a magazine writer who has personally known Lindbergh since his flight to Paris and has served as an official in two of the largest air transport companies.

WILLIAM Y. ELLIOTT is a member of the faculty of the Department of Government at Harvard and is an authority on European affairs. He has just returned from a year's residence in London, where he has been studying conditions in the British Empire. Dr. Elliott is also author of *The Pragmatic Revolt in Politics* and has contributed to the *Forum, Foreign Affairs,* and other magazines.

EDWARD S. ANGLY is a Texan by birth and has served as European correspondent for the Associated Press in both France and Russia. Mr. Angly is now a member of the staff of the *New York Herald Tribune.*

▸▸*Next Week*◂◂

The Rise of a Racketeer, by Lewis W. Hunt.

"Scarface" Al Capone has been feeding the unemployed and has recently offered to stop gang warfare in return for the privilege of a monopoly of Chicago's beer running. The author describes the steps in the rise of Chicago's underworld king from doorman in a bawdy house to "managing director of a spot cash enterprise with a gross income of $6,000,000 a week."

Football as a Vocation, by Christian K. Cagle.

The author, whose recent marriage led to his resignation from the Military Academy at West Point, discusses football as it exists today in American schools and colleges from the point of view of the player and suggests frank recognition of tramp athletes through the establishment of athletic scholarships.

Enforcement Invokes State Aid, by Charles Merz.

To a greater extent than ever the federal government put responsibility for enforcement up to the states at the end of 1930. In Part XI of The Dry Decade Mr. Merz discusses the legal and moral obligations of the states to enforce prohibition and the difficulty of compelling them to take action against their will.

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beloved poet (and one good reason for his being loved), but also the culture of a nation and a period. Riley's kindliness, optimism, humor, sentiment, mawkish taste in poetry, distrust of the sensual, and eager willingness to believe in and to over-praise the work of friends are perfectly characteristic of the American, artist or not, of his day. And inasmuch as Professor Phelps has many of the same qualities, he is the man to edit the letters. The letters are more than readable, they are delightful. Even if you were not brought up in the days when Riley's verses were a part of household speech, you will enjoy this book.

May Lamberton Becker, who will contribute an article on the new children's books to the December tenth issue, has, herself, a new book out this fall. It is *Golden Tales of the Old South* (Dodd, Mead $2.50), a selection made by her of stories particularly rich in local color, stories which could have been written of the South, only, and only by those who know it well. Each story is prefaced by a biographical and critical note. This is a good book for home and school libraries. The authors represented include Oliver Hillhouse Prince, George W. Cable, Hearn, Poe, Hopkinson Smith, Joel Chandler Harris, O. Henry, James Weldon Johnson and Maristan Chapman. Older readers will be amused to find here "Jud Browning's Account of Rubenstein's Playing," a favorite of parlor elocutionists forty years ago.

The French At Home by Philip Carr (Dial Press $3.50). If the French Government could take cognizance of so apparently trifling a thing as the attitude of the American tourist in France, it would require him to secure, with his *carte d'identité*, a copy of this book. It is the best popular volume on the Frenchman at home in town and country that this reviewer has seen. It is not concerned with history or monuments, but with the life, habits and ways of thinking of the present day Frenchman. A few of the chapter headings will suffice to suggest the contents:—The Family is Everything, Good Manners, Schools and Culture, The Defense of Property, Sport and *Le Sport*, Low Wages and Saving, are some of them. The seasoned traveler to France, unless he has been thrown much into the company of the people, knows little about the things with which Mr. Carr deals. And the beginner tourist, especially the ignoramus who knows nothing and is apt to talk loudly and scornfully, could learn from this book how to at least go warily and keep quiet. Almost without exception those who know France well, love her. And the sort of love that France inspires is an enlargement of the personality.

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—WILLIAM SOSKIN, *New York Evening Post*

At Bookstores Now—$5.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY · NEW YORK

The Prairie President: Living Through the Years With Lincoln by Raymond Warren (Reilly & Lee $3). This is a popularly told story of Lincoln's life up to the day when he left Springfield for the White House. A minimum of political detail and a maximum of picturesque and home-folks stuff should make the book pleasant reading for young people. Its author is also the author of a historical "radio series" on the life of Lincoln. The influence of the dramatic sketch, such as this "series" probably is, is evident in the book in which the language of the dialogue is racy and strongly suggestive of the period and locality.

Lafitte the Pirate by Lyle Saxon (Century $5). Mr. Saxon has done another delightful book about his Louisiana. This time the protagonists are the brothers Lafitte, Jean and Pierre, and the book has to do with their glamorous careers as rogues and pirates. Starting out as a silversmith Jean evidently found the life too prosaic for him and changed his profession to that of commanding a group of swashbuckling smugglers. In 1815 they played a prominent part in defeating the British at the Battle of New Orleans. Overnight Lafitte, the renegade, became a popular hero. The book is written in a spirited and readable fashion and is illustrated with the delightful drawings of E. H. Suydam who also did the illustrations for Lyle Saxon's previous books, *Fabulous New Orleans* and *Old Louisiana*. Put *Lafitte the Pirate* on your Christmas gift list.

The Book of Simon by A. S. M. Hutchinson (Little, Brown & Co. $2). The American edition of a book which was discussed at length by Rebecca West in her article: "Al Capone—1950," in the Outlook of November 19. There are many gay and charming illustrations by A. H. Watson in this edition.

Behind the Blurbs

ON THE appearance of Mr. Robert Benchley's last book we remarked upon his encyclopedic grasp of affairs, and even expressed the hope that he

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would some day write an encyclopedia. With the appearance of his new book, *The Treasurer's Report*[1], we are again amazed at the vast stores of information upon which Mr. Benchley has drawn, and the ease with which he imparts his knowledge. Compare, for instance, his article on bridge building with that in the encyclopedia. "Bridges," says the encyclopedia, "(old forms, brig, brygge, brudge; Dutch, brug; German, brücke; a common Teutonic word) are structures carrying roadways, waterways or railways across streams, valleys or other roads or railways, leaving a passage below." Now hear Mr. Benchley: "I am not much of a one to be writing on bridge building, having never really built a bridge myself, but if the reader will overlook a little vagueness in some of the directions I myself will overlook the fact that the reader has no right to criticize, unless, of course, he happens to be a professional bridge builder himself." Consider the difference in the approach to the problem. The encyclopedia leaps confusedly into the middle of things. Mr. Benchley creeps up modestly with a friendly wave of the hand to the reader. He doesn't insult your intelligence with a longwinded definition—he knows perfectly well that you know what a bridge is. What if the Dutch do call it a *brug!* Would that help you in building it? It's a silly name anyway. And so it goes. Where the encyclopedia takes you into such things as "$w_2/w_1=\frac{1}{2}(1_2/1_1+(1_2 1_1)^2)$," Mr. Benchley simply admits that his absorption point in mathematics was about .007, and that maybe he was out with a sore throat when the geometry class took up bridge building. Which is a whole lot more comprehensible. He always gives you something that you can really understand. And so it is throughout the entire book. There is no subject that he touches that he does not illumine, none that he does not enrich. ☙ ☙ ☙ *The Omnibus of Adventure*[2] is a swell book for those winter evenings beside the fire that the advertisements tell you about. Here are 44 stories—Stevenson, Poe, Conrad, Clark Russell, Dumas, et al., of course; besides a number not so well known as writers of adventure tales: Korolenko, Eduard Engel, de Vigny. Nearly a third of them are from the French. ☙ ☙ ☙ New titles in Loeb Classical Library[3] are: *Athenaeus: The Deipnosophists IV,* translated by C. B. Gulick; *The Geography of Strabo, VII,* translated by H. L. Jones; *Josephus IV,* translated by H. St. J. Thackeray; *Plato, The Republic, Vol. I,* translated by H. L. Jones; these with Greek and English text; and *Cicero: Verrine Orations, Vol. I,* translated by H. L. G. Greenwood; with Latin and English text. ☙ ☙ ☙ *About the Murder of Geraldine Foster*[4] is the first of a series of stories supposed to be based on the adventures of a New York Police Commissioner, Thatcher Colt. Seven dead pigeons with red beaks pointed the way to the grave of the murdered Geraldine, slain by an ax presumably wielded by her employer, Dr. Maskell, who was at once given what seemed to us a very mild third degree by the police. But the trail led beyond Maskell by way of three mysterious bottles, a boy with buck teeth, a naked ghost and other phenomena, to the contriver of a plot so ingenious and complex that we don't see how the murderer's brain ever thought it out. Or why, for that matter. Still, it's a good, exciting yarn, and if you can swallow scopolamine, in all probability you'll enjoy it. ☙ ☙ ☙ If you want to be amused, and at the same time learn something about what happens to books between the author's typewriter and your library table, try *Best Seller*[5]. It's the story of a lad with literary aspirations who comes to New York and gets into book advertising. He meets editors, high-pressure salesmen, columnists, copy writers and authors, and like many a lad before him is astonished and disillusioned by seeing the book world in operation, a mad, shallow world, full of vanity, gin, ignorance, bad faith and good intentions, illuminated by occasional flashes of real literary art. Many literary figures appear under their own names, or thinly masked under fictitious ones. The author is also somebody else. There are many amusing scenes, but the sales conference in the publisher's office is perfect. It seems to us a better commentary on what is the matter with the book business than any of the solemn and serious pronouncements we have read. How much do the men who market our books know about them? From the educated person's point of view, the same criticism applies —in a lesser degree—to the book business as to the movie industry. Of course if books are written only for immature minds the criticism is out of place. But amusing as this book is, its revelations will give the person who really cares for good reading a violent pain in the head. ☙ ☙ ☙ A good swift moving story of a group of American aviators who, during the War, flew German planes on secret service missions back of the German lines, is *On Secret Air Service*[6], written by Laurence LaTourette Driggs, a well-known authority on aviation. Plenty of thrills, and the facts are authentic.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Harper, $2.00.
2. Ed. by John Grove: Dodd Mead, $3.50.
3. Heinemann-Putnam, $2.50 each.
4. By Anthony Abbott: Covici Friede, $2.00.
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"The Grimy Court of the Magistrate"

THE shadow overhanging criminal justice in the United States has come to be more than a cloud of suspicion. More than ever before the students of the crime problems are beginning to see the sore spots. Once they were content to work for new laws and more new laws, each more drastic and severe than those preceding. Once they scrutinized crimes and tried to measure punishment to fit the crime, now they study criminals, and light on the problem begins to break. Once they emphasized the fine distinctions between degrees of guilt, now they are more concerned about the environing and hereditary forces that condition criminal behavior. So, from theories of justice the criminologists have turned to the studying the processes of justice. As a result the shadow has become an indictment.

This transition really means that we are experiencing a shift in our thinking about criminal justice. The lawyer is yielding to the scientist, and the change ought to be welcome. The typical precedent-bound legal mind has little to contribute, though there is an occasional wholesome exception. One of the outstanding exceptions is Roscoe Pound, Dean of the Harvard Law School. Pound is one of those rare jurists who believe that the law should be approached through science rather than metaphysics. He has written a number of essays on the social evolution of law. His latest volume, *Criminal Justice in America* (Holt $2), was a series of lectures delivered at Brown University in 1924. In the main he deals with the problem the law always faces of keeping up with a rapidly changing social order. He treats at length the noble ancestry of criminal justice, its current problems, and the outlook. Thus far, he tells us, "The law has been able to do no more than achieve a practical compromise between over-minute law-making and overwide discretion." But Dean Pound has hope.

Dean Pound is optimistic because he takes the long view. A less optimistic observer is Raymond Moley, whose latest volume, *Our Criminal Courts* (Milton, Balch $3.50) gets pretty close to the earth. Moley is a professor of political science at Columbia University. He has been identified with crime research for a decade, including the studies of criminal justice in Missouri, Chicago, Cleveland and now the New York Crime Commission. An earlier book on *Politics and Criminal Prosecution* was a general presentation of the relation between prosecution and small politicians. The present volume is more specific, dealing mainly with the minor courts, the democratic common courts, or as he says, "The Grimy Court of the Magistrate."

Pound leaves the reader hopeful that somehow in the shuffle of trial and error between judge and legislator we will eventually achieve progress. Before we get far into Moley's description of the common court in action that hope is fairly dampened. It seems that the larger the city, and the more perfect its political machine, the less we may hope for elemental justice in the magistrate's court. It's a village type of court and it does not fit the urban setting. There is no hope of reforming it until finally it becomes so corrupt that the people rise in their wrath and wipe it out entirely. Then perhaps the criminal will be turned over to the social scientists and criminal justice will become what Moley calls "The Art of Human Relations." Certainly the psychologists, psychiatrists, sociologists and penologists could not bungle the job more than lawyers and politicians do now.

Some steps are already being taken. However slow the process, here and there a point is gained. Crime commissions, research committees and prevention bureaus are becoming more numerous. Behavior clinics are coming to be quite the vogue. In the main these are being staffed by competent workers. The latest report of the Sub-Commission on Causes and Effects of Crime of the New York Crime Commission points out that in New York a definite program is already under way to establish in every city of the state crime prevention bureaus.

While the facts of criminal justice are grim and sobering, often exasperating, we still find criminologists in the colleges who do not permit themselves to get disturbed. Here, for instance, is a text by Harry Best, professor of sociology in the University of Kentucky (Macmillan, $6.50). He writes on *Crime and Criminal Law in the United States.* It is a good book if you would know all about the rules of the game, about statistics and about the different kinds of courts and how they are related. Best tells how the wheels go round but he neglects to tell us about the wheels within the wheels. It is one thing to discuss courts and criminal justice in general and theoretical terms, and quite another to describe the workings of these in a fluxing social system.

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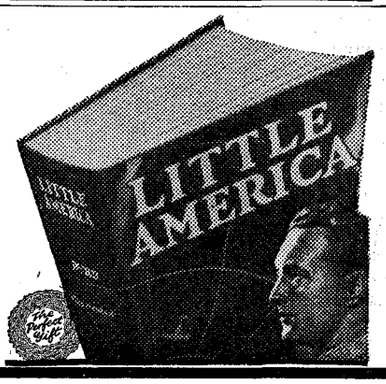

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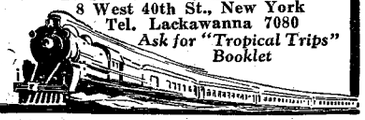

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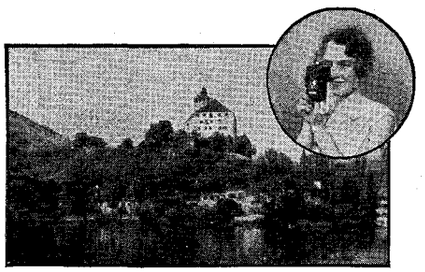

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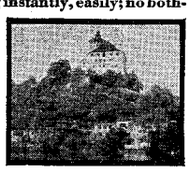

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▶▶ The Movies ◀◀

By CREIGHTON PEET

▶▶*"Min and Bill"*

MARIE DRESSLER is getting to be one of the few people on whom you can depend. For a long while now she has been stealing the picture away from first one star and then another, until recently she walked off with *Anna Christie,* Garbo's first talkie. Appreciating all this, Metro has teamed her up with the mountainous Wallace Beery and given her another drunken, wharf-rat part in *Min and Bill,* a film based on the novel *Dark Star.* It's not a pretty story, but it is alive and strong and beautifully acted, and decidedly one of those things you must not miss. Moreover, it frequently breaks out into a wild, gusty humor, when Beery and Marie Dressler engage in fisticuffs and furniture throwing. The other players are Marjorie Rambeau, another frowsy, drunken water-front lady, and Dorothy Jordan, her daughter, whom Miss Dressler is trying to bring up as her own.

Min and Bill run a slightly filthy hotel down by the docks in which they are attempting to bring up the girl. Occasionally one feels that Miss Dressler is punishing herself just a little too much in her devotion to the child, but the ending, which is quite free of the usual Hollywood mugging and shedding of tears, compensates for any slight flaws which the film may have.

▶▶*"Just Imagine"*

Following the example of the German film *Metropolis* (1927) and the British film *High Treason* (1929), an American producer (Fox) has finally done a fantasy of the future. In 1980 New York has skyscrapers which tower hundreds of stories into the air, where aerial traffic cops supported by balloons direct the comings and goings of endless phalanxes of autogyros; food is taken in condensed pills and the bootleg liquor of the future is also dispensed in pill form. Only one thing seems unchanged and that is Love, yes, movie love with pretty little Maureen O'Sullivan crying her heart out because the State Marriage Commission has awarded her to the wrong applicant. Indeed the state seems to have such a tight grip on the citizens in 1980 that they might be living in Communist Russia. The big climax is when the hero, J-21 (people have numbers, not names, in this highly efficient age), pilots a rocket to Mars, which seems to be entirely inhabited by nude cuties dancing away at a great rate amid gigantic expanses of modernistic scenery.

There are at least two objections to *Just Imagine*—the love story is really quite uncalled for—and its incidental song numbers, although they are by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, the Broadway musical comedy trio, are hardly worth the trouble.

▶▶*The Emperor of Ethiopia*

Fox Movietone newsreel has announced with understandable pride that it was showing sound films in New York of the coronation of the Emperor of Ethiopia seventeen days after it took place. To do this Captain Lawrence Hope, an English flyer, did 5,050 miles in five days, staying in the air twelve to fourteen hours a day. Between Addis Ababa, Khartum, Cairo, Benghazi, Tunis, Nice and Croydon, Captain Hope saw jungles, volcanoes, wild elephants, deserts and oceans. Shown in New York this priceless record stayed on the screen for exactly one minute and forty-eight seconds, while several minutes were given over to an asinine allegory between "Mr. Fear" and "Mr. Courage." What price speed, Captain Hope?

▶▶*Mickey Mouse Bulletin*

Mickey Mouse's girl friend now has a name—Minnie Mouse—which is in only slightly smaller type than his own on the posters outside the theatre. What worries Mickey, however, is Minnie's dog, a pure-blooded cross between a bloodhound and a spaniel. This faithful animal greets Mickey by licking him affectionately—but as he is about twice the size of our hero this onslaught is not only somewhat uncomfortable, but very trying to his dignity.

Worth Seeing

All Quiet on the Western Front: Devastating realism—an honest war film.

Doorway to Hell: Graphic and exciting yarn based on the life of a famous Chicagoan.

Feet First: Harold Lloyd is funny—but his gags are pretty old.

Morocco: Gary Cooper, Adolphe Menjou and Marlene Dietrich (who looks like Garbo) in a grown-up movie.

Murder: Skilful murder mystery from the Elstreet studios in England.

Laughter: Adult dialogue and direction in the Holiday manner. Nancy Carroll, Frederic March and Donald Ogden Stewart's diverting lines.

Two Hearts in Waltz Time: German film operetta with lovely waltz tune; now in its seventh week in New York.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Daily Paper

ALL in a day they crowded into the papers together; not because they are news but because they are people. Certainly they have nothing to do with the direction in which the world is supposed to be moving. They tell us—in what they say, in what they refuse to say—nothing at all. They do not understand themselves, and only wonder (if they think at all) that we (who do not understand ourselves) still do not understand them. So that is how they get into the news. They are ourselves. We simply cannot understand them.

Here we pass, then, we strange people. Into the glaring light and out again. We go out hunting, husband and wife, determined upon shooting rabbits. How do we know what that marriage has been like? Two people, blindly struggling for companionship. But it is evident she likes to shoot with him, that she has left behind the family, if there is one, the softness of the bedroom, the furbelows. She is in a hunting suit, plain clothes, and wears a tam-o-shanter. She must care something, then, for the feminine, flyaway world behind her. No woman wears a tam-o-shanter without a sidelong glance at the coquette. But has she given up too much, or does she follow him too closely? So the tragedy happens. For he has never noticed anything she ever wore. He had no notion of the kind of hat. He was out to shoot a rabbit, and so he shot—from where he crouched, protected in a tree—the first brown, furry object moving through the bushes. And for a moment he had no notion he had killed his wife, crouching there in her furry tam-o-shanter.

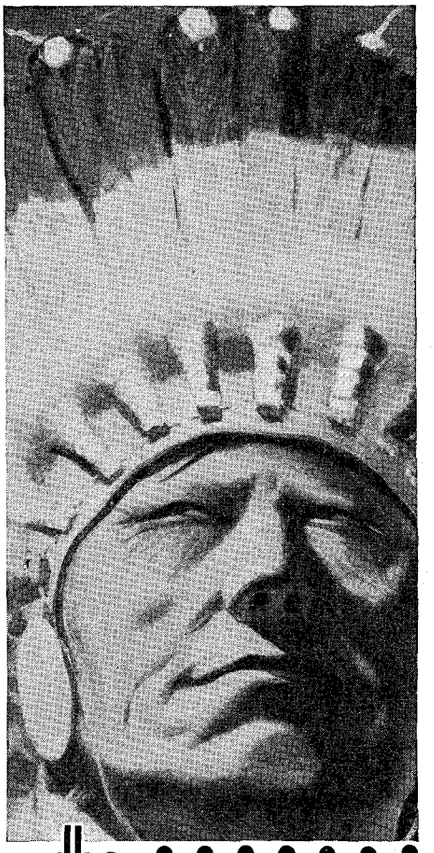
And somewhere in a city where the unemployed, cold and hungry, can be counted in the thousands, one of them sits down to think. Money is scarce, food is scarce, everything is scarce except the frightened unemployed. Scarcity and fear, cold and hunger, these are the only weapons he can see. And so he goes from door to door and sells them coal. Whatever coal is selling for, he will give it to them for half. Because he admits he represents a charity bureau. More—in consideration of the coal order, he will recommend a man, he will find work for him. All that is needed is a deposit, or—if they would prefer to pay it in advance? And so he swindles the unemployed to feed himself, the unemployed, until he swindles himself into jail.

We turn quickly to a gallant man—a man both rich and gallant, who gives a party. There is only one invited to that party, and she is beautiful. She is so beautiful that people talk and talk about her, follow her with their eyes, repeat glamorous legends, just because of it. He is elated! It is easy to see him in the great dining room where the shadows of massive furniture are silent beasts around the central pool of light in which the table rises like a fountain trembling with silver and flowers upon the excited air. No one sees her; but suddenly five shots ring out in quick succession. He is wounded, lying in a hospital, near death perhaps, but he must whisper, "Do not prosecute—do not—!" Nevertheless they rush to her and placing her under arrest repeat, how generous is that man! Listening, then, to hear what she will say. But she can only shake her head and murmur apologetically, "The dinner—it was too excellent. It shattered—it shattered my nerves."

THEY crowd by, these strange people, shoulder to shoulder. There is the man whose wife, mortally shot, musters the strength to swear that he is innocent; before she stops breathing. But whose little daughter aged four is called upon by judges to deny whatever emotion it was her mother clasped and died upon. "I saw my father shoot my mother," she repeats smilingly; while those who push into the courtroom shake their heads.

How can one explain the man that pushed in at the bottom of a page and almost missed the paper altogether! A man whose heart, swollen against his wife, runs out to meet her as she comes home from her work. A man whose arms, embracing her, conceal a dagger with which he stabs her.

Or the girl across an ocean and of an ancient family. She wears the traditional veil of her people, hiding her youth, her loneliness, her wild, adventurous mind. And now it is discovered that she is the leader of a marauding band of thieves, pillaging and terrifying their own countryside. Beside her is the young girl of another continent who drove her car home from a party and unfortunately bumped a taxicab. "She must have been intoxicated," says the judge. "Only one glass and a half," she pleads, being conscientious about that half a glass. But although she was the one hurt in the accident, she must be made an example—so she is the first woman sent to prison, in default of fine, for intoxicated driving. Strange people!



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The Theatre

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

MAYBE you noticed that there was no comment on the drama in the Outlook last week. Well, it wasn't because I was lost, strayed or stolen, or my article either. It was simply because there was no drama to write about. True, I went to the theatre four times; but what did I find there? Only *Made in France, Mr. Samuel, Light Wines and Beer,* and *The Tyrant.* The first two closed promptly, but the latter pair are still somehow running as I write. I shall simply say that I'm at a loss for an explanation for their presentation at all, let alone their continuance. Only remember, please, that I warned you against them.

Just when I was prepared to give it all up and recommend parcheesi or backgammon as far more stimulating than theatregoing, along came Mr. Herman Shumlin with *Grand Hotel.* I must say that I think a few of the hosannas and hallelujahs with which it was greeted were occasioned by a feeling of tremendous relief on the part of the critical gentry who had had to see the above-mentioned *opera* earlier in the week. *Grand Hotel* does go a bit wabbly in the third act. But before an unmotivated and unconvincing murder is introduced we have been given some of the best writing, direction and action that has been on view for a long, long time. A translation into colloquial and literate English by William A. Drake from the German of Vicki Baum, *Grand Hotel* gives us a cross section of the lives of the guests in a Continental hostelry for some thirty-six hours. Most prominent among them is a slightly fading Russian ballet dancer whose art is revivified by her meeting with a dissolute baron who appears in her room to steal her pearls, but leaves them and takes her heart instead. For some time now Miss Katharine Cornell has had a virtual monopoly of the qualities usually described as glamorous. She will now have to share the adjective with Miss Eugenie Leontovich who plays the ballerina in *Grand Hotel.*

"TONIGHT OR NEVER" is Mr. David Belasco's second presentation of the season by the Hattons from the Hungarian. It deals with the love affair of an opera singer and a supposed gigolo and, as is the case in *Grand Hotel,* the lady's artistic attainments lack only a touch of that thing called love to make them burgeon into magnificence. If somewhat stale as to theme, *Tonight or Never* has an intense second-act love scene and a general skill of presentation sufficient to make it well worth seeing. I am afraid that Miss Helen Gahagan's strange use of the letter "r," presumably to simulate a foreign accent to which none of the rest of the cast was addicted, her somewhat awkward movements, and her abuse of the tremolo when she sang, all irritated me more than they should have. Supporting her, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Melvyn Douglas and Warburton Gamble are uncommonly good.

WHATEVER may be said against the majority of our dramatic fare this year, we cannot complain of negligence on the part of the musical show producers. To the list of elegant entertainments in that field must now be added *Smiles* in which Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld brings back to us Fred and Adele Astaire and Marilyn Miller. They are all three as charming and talented as ever and Mr. Ziegfeld hasn't slipped a bit in the beauty and lavishness of his production. The show could still do with a little cutting and one or two more jokes for Tom Howard and Eddie Foy, Jr., but it is full of so much that is graceful, lovely and amusing that I'm afraid I'm being just a trifle carping. All the musicals in town are not good, however. In vivid contrast to Ziegfeld's tastefulness there are *Sweet and Low* and a thing called *Hello Paris* in which the Messrs. Billy Rose and Shubert, respectively, vie to outdo each other in sheer dirty vulgarity. They are not only dirty but very dull as well. In the case of *Sweet and Low* it is, perhaps, quite an achievement to submerge Fanny Brice and James Barton so that even they are not funny. As for Chic Sale, who is featured in *Hello Paris,* I didn't laugh at his book either. Yes, that's just what I meant.

Recommended Current Shows

Bad Girl: Paul Kelly's and Sylvia Sidney's sympathetic acting in the play from the novel.
Elizabeth the Queen: Maxwell Anderson's fine play presented by the Guild with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.
Fine and Dandy: All in favor of Joe Cook, good dancing and pleasant tunes say "Aye."
Mrs. Moonlight: English, sentimental, whimsical—but I think you'll like it, too.
Once in a Lifetime: Bitter and uproarious fun at the expense of Hollywood.
That's Gratitude: Unpretentious and often very amusing comedy of the Midwest by and with Frank Craven.
Twelfth Night: Beginning Nov. 18 **Art and Mrs. Bottle,** a new play is to be alternated at four day intervals with this fine Shakespearian production with Jane Cowl, Leon Quartermaine and others.
Up Pops the Devil: A young but competent cast in a funny play about Greenwich Village.
Flying High, Strictly Dishonorable, and **The Green Pastures** are still very much with us.

Troubles of Empire

(Continued from Page 537)

method of lowering real wages by means of raising prices. The Conservatives themselves are uncertain and divided as to what imports they would be prepared to protect, although Mr. Baldwin hastened to accept Mr. Bennett's proposal "in principle"!

Anything susceptible of being represented to the electorate as a "tax on food," on the evidence of the recent bye-election in North Norfolk, is still capable of losing seats for its advocates in the really doubtful constituencies. It is hard to see how a duty on foreign imports can fail to raise the price of food and raw materials. If it does not, then it will be of no benefit to the Dominions. If it does, it is anathema to the enfranchised housewives of England, and to the masses for whom the margin of subsistence is still extremely narrow. Straight British "protection" will be a good fighting cry. But in the industrial and "dormitory" constituencies, anything approaching "Empire Free Trade" can hardly hope to win victories, once its effects are understood.

But protectionism for more British industries may be on the political cards. It is a better Conservative issue than a fight on the Industrial Disputes Act would afford. A start has been made ever since the War with the extensive "McKenna" and "Safe-Guarding" duties for so-called key industries. Protection would give a tonic fillip to industry generally—for the time at least—much as inflation would. Even some of the bankers are now backing it for England. It appeals to employers, too, as affording more assistance to their industries by sheltering home markets, thus raising employment and more revenue from indirect taxation. Perhaps most of all it is welcomed as a method of lowering real wages in the least noticeable way, through a general rise in costs. But unless it includes protection for the raw materials of the Dominions—as it will not—where does the bargaining point for the overseas Empire come in? This Imperial Conference has apparently had to come to some such conclusion. The next Imperial Conference may find another answer. There is already talk of another economic conference in Ottawa if the Conservatives come in next year in England. If that conference should find a new basis for Imperial economic unity it would have achieved a triumph of statesmanship over circumstances that might have graced the art even of the lamented Earl of Balfour. To the detached observer the feat seems impossible, and even dangerous in the attempt.

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▶▶ Prize Winner ◀◀

By ARTHUR STRAWN

IF SOME day a student of psychology undertakes an analysis of the circumstances that determine a man's choice of career, I venture to guess that the most difficult part of the opus will concern itself with those intangibles that make a man decide to become an artist. Almost every child, at some early period in his life, has been given a set of paints; yet with how few of them does that coincide with the beginning of an artist's career!

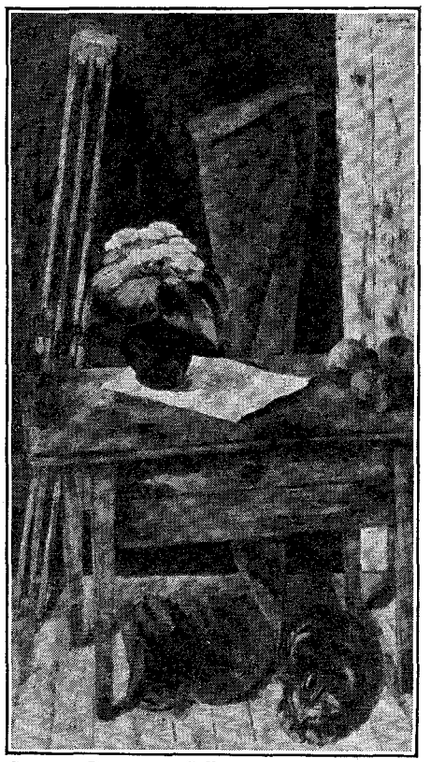
The case of Alexander Brook marks one of those rare exceptions. He was twelve years old and recovering from an attack of infantile paralysis when a neighbor in Brooklyn brought him a box of paints and a palette. The neighbor was himself a painter, earning his living by copying photographs in oil. He spent many afternoons at the boy's bedside, pausing in the midst of his own work, which he brought along with him, to show the lad how to use his paints.

A few weeks ago, almost twenty years since that first lesson, a painting by Alexander Brook, "Interior," received among other awards second prize in the annual Carnegie International Exhibition at Pittsburgh. The competition included works by famous artists all over the world. First prize was won by Pablo Picasso, most celebrated of contemporary brushmen, and other prizes were won by Dufresne, Stern, Spencer, McFee and Henri Matisse. When a painter wins distinction in such company he has not only arrived, but has done so with éclat. And by way of contribution to that psychological study proposed above, it might be added that the paints that went into the prize-winning picture were mixed on the very same palette on which Alexander Brook first smeared his colors twenty years ago.

This conspicuous success came as no surprise. Last year his painting, "Children's Lunch," won the Logan Gold Medal and $2,500 award at the Chicago Art Institute's annual exhibition. And two publishers, prior to the Carnegie triumph, had seen fit to issue reproductions of Brook's work with biographical sketches.

The intervening two decades were marked by a rapid and steady rise to eminence. For a short time he studied in a night class at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, but was firmly urged to continue his work elsewhere following an elevator operator's complaint that the young art student had brought a can of beer into the building. Brook's earnest insistence that he had been motivated by an intense desire to paint the lovely amber color of the beverage was received with arid cynicism, whereupon he enrolled at the Art Students' League in New York in 1915.

He spent four years there studying for the most part under Kenneth Hayes Miller, the while winning scholarships highly necessary to continued work. For several years he was assistant director of the Whitney Studio Galleries and was instrumental in obtaining first showings for many young artists who have since justified his generous recognition. The work there not only gave him a livelihood, but left his summers free for painting, and it was only three years ago that he ventured to devote his time exclusively to his art.



Courtesy Downtown Gallery

"INTERIOR"

Which won second prize at the 1930 Carnegie International Exhibition

His first invitation to exhibit came in 1922 when a dealer saw one of his canvases at the Independent Show. At that time Brook had just married Peggy Bacon, well known for her poems, illustrations and etchings, and the dealer on seeing her work too, exclaimed, "I'll expose you both!" Thus it came about that Brook's first "one-man" show was literally a family affair.

Born in Brooklyn 32 years ago, Brook is a well-proportioned man with light, closely cropped hair, a round face and alert blue eyes. He still limps slightly from that early illness, but otherwise that has not impaired his vigor or activeness. He spends his summers with his wife and two children on a farm in Westchester, and his winters in New York. He prefers to do figure painting "because that somehow provokes more ideas," but he has achieved equal success with landscapes and still-lifes, as witness his Carnegie prize-winner.

Reaching artistic maturity after the modern movement was well established, he has been freed from the struggles and indecisions of that transitional period. But that does not mean that he has accepted his heritage unthinkingly, for he is a penetrating student of painting and has published a number of interesting articles on art. He is a brilliant technician and has received wide critical praise for the range of his color and the variety and inventiveness of his compositions. Hearty and convivial, he has at the same time a crisp directness about him that somehow makes him one of those rare painters whose work seems to be a perfectly accurate reflection of his personality.

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What's Wrong with Lindbergh

(Continued from Page 534)

"broken nerves," "haggard look," and "terrific physical strain" under which Lindbergh was continuing his flight around the country. Other newspapers have had their men dog the flier's footsteps; trail along beside his honeymoon boat for eight hours at a stretch. One received credit for placing a servant in the Morrow household to detail a complete report of Lindbergh's actions and to report any wedding preparations. Another paper used a high power automobile to follow Lindbergh when he ventured beyond the gates. Lindbergh drives a car elusively, to say the least, and during the time the speed crew was reported to be on duty they were never able to follow their subject very far.

None of these questionable incidents are at all characteristic of the American press. Yet they are the cases with which Lindbergh has come into contact under the most unpleasant circumstances and most frequently. Undoubtedly they have tempered his attitude toward newspaper men in general. Reporters consider Lindbergh their hardest assignment. Editors send them out to interview the flier and they return his sworn enemies.

The other side of the story is something like this. The reporter, only secondarily interested in the flight or its purpose, wants answers to a number of personal questions: if the baby is to have a career in the skies; what Mrs. Lindbergh really thinks about flying; if he was going to vote for his famous father-in-law; if it was true that he was planning to run for president; and why he would not pose for photographs at some place or other. The reporter doesn't seem to Lindbergh to concern himself primarily with the one subject which Lindbergh considers all-important and upon which he is ever ready to discourse. Under these circumstances Lindbergh perhaps has a right to feel victimized. But while reporters form their own conclusions from these one-sided interviews, the editors are usually more understanding. Hence the lack of unpleasant references in the short, makeshift stories substituted for the features planned for the Lindbergh visit.

Yet, in spite of all that has been said, there can be no serious question but that Lindbergh seeks publicity. He has a peculiar genius for accomplishing the spectacular in a manner to insure the widest possible attention. Such a bald assertion, however, requires modification. Publicity—the power to concentrate public attention favorably upon a given project—is Lindbergh's greatest resource. He desires to focus the attention entirely upon the project at hand—the opening of a new air mail line, the establishment of a transcontinental speed record, the demonstration of a new transport plane. These are distinct phases of aviation which require, and merit, registering deeply in the public consciousness. They are not proper subjects for personal glorification. But if Lindbergh were not the pilot these same important events would be accorded scant attention. On every commercial mission he has undertaken, without exception, Lindbergh has run away with the entire show. He can never seem to reconcile the unlimited enthusiasm manifest for his own personal actions and the mildly incidental concern displayed for the cause he happens to champion. He does everything possible to reverse this situation: he insistently refuses to have his photograph made without showing the plane, and usually insists upon having company officials included in the picture.

It has always been difficult to explain atisfactorily his objection to having pictures made of him. During his public flights there is seldom little difficulty ahead for camera men. Wherever possible, he allows all the time necessary for press conferences, always reserving the privilege of terminating the interview the moment the questions become personal. But he places his other travels about the country in a different category. He does not consider it necessary that newspapers take a new picture of him simply because he happens to be within range of their cameras and when they must have innumerable identical pictures in their files. In addition to the principle involved, however, there is a matter of time. Lindbergh usually operates on very close schedules and often these do not allow for any more than the rapid refueling of his plane. He cannot make an exception to his rule in one place without making the same exception under all similar circumstances. Nor is he by any means to blame for all the difficulties with these gentlemen of the press. A trail of broken cameras across the country bears witness to rough handling in crowds and "picture interviews" cancelled without Lindbergh's knowledge but for which he was blamed. The subject of photographs has probably caused the widest discussion of all. He expects all photographs to be as honest as he would have all writing concerning him.

By inheritance, Lindbergh is undemonstrative, reserved, severe. Anne Morrow Lindbergh is naturally quiet, shy, thoughtful. Their actions together in public likely represent a studied choice between two evils. Any open display might too easily be exaggerated into "gushing" sentiment, probably a more serious sin than apparent indifference or stolidity. There are few personal courtesies any one has ever been able to render either of the Lindberghs. He seems somehow to do everything for himself. Anne, possibly under instructions, is much the same in public. Rather than appear patronizing she prefers to carry her own luggage—and all airplane luggage is light—to slip into her coat without assistance; to climb into and out of airplanes unaided. But whatever they do you may be sure they have deliberated carefully and think they have ample reason for doing it their own way.

Slumming at Sea

(Continued from Page 539)

"Maybe I will stay in Belfort until I die. But, on the contrary, I may have a nostalgia for America and go back there. It was because my wife died that I decided to return to France, but my boys are Americans. They hardly speak French at all, and when they do, they speak it like the Spanish cows."

M. Duval's audience included a Yankee engineer on holiday from the work of blasting a subway through the hard rock of Manhattan, a South African and his wife, going home from the United States puzzled that America should want both prohibition and plenty of liquor, an artist off to take his ease and his easel beside the Mediterranean, a Dutch lawyer and a middle class Englishman who seemed peeved at the United States because it had not made him a millionaire.

After the crossing in that company, I meant to travel tourist third again on the return trip. But when the eve of sailing day arrived, the first *moules marinières* of the season had not yet been put on the menu at the *Petit Coin* in the Rue Feydeau, where the chef steams his mussels in a wine and parsley sauce, the flavor of which cannot be duplicated elsewhere in this whole hungry world. So I postponed the sailing, and was obliged to transfer my booking to second class on a more grandiose steamer which would depart the following week. Each morning I telephoned the *patron* of the *Petit Coin*

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to learn whether there were *moules* on the bill of fare. The third day he replied *"oui."* So I went there, the taste of a dry sherry lingering on my palate, and enjoyed a steaming mountain of mussels. They were priced at six francs, but they had cost me four days of waiting time and expenses plus $70 in additional steamer fare. And they were well worth it.

Had I not delayed my departure from France to wait for the first mussels of autumn, I should have missed hearing the best true story on Hoover prosperity that has yet amused my mugwump ear. It was told to me by my cabin mate, a Swiss farmer, who had emigrated fifteen years ago to the Imperial Valley of California.

"In October, 1929," he said, "I sell my farm in California and go back to Switzerland to settle up the affairs of my brother, who had died. I didn't want no stranger running my farm for me while I was gone, so I sell it, the land, the cows, the machinery and everything but some foodstuffs which I store in a silo. Well, I say to myself, I take a good holiday back in the old country. Maybe I stay there. But after I loaf around for nine, ten months, hunting, fishing, climbing the mountains, I say to myself, I think I like to go back to California and sweat some more in the Imperial Valley. So I write to my banker back there and I ask him does he know if there is a good farm for sale in the neighborhood. He writes me that business has been bad and that there sure is a farm for sale and that it is my old farm, and that I can get it back for several thousand dollars less than for what I sold it.

"So I get out my pencil and I figure that my trip back to the old country and my holiday for pretty near a full year and my trip back to California ain't costing me a cent.

"I could even have traveled first class on the boat and still been ahead on what I made by selling my farm and buying it back. But I don't like to have to wear no evening clothes for supper every night. In fact, I ain't never owned no evening clothes. So I travel second class. It's good enough. The beds is comfortable and the food is good. But, you know, sometimes I look up there and see them people in the first class, and it seems to me like they are having a better time than us down here."

Hoover and Enforcement

(Continued from Page 542)

June, 1921[24]. Formal assurance that enforcement efforts would be kept strictly within the law dated back to April, 1926, when General Andrews testified before a Senate committee that agents had been warned to use "legal methods only[25]." The present order to enforcement officers to use weapons only in self-defense had been anticipated by precisely the same order on October 10, 1927[26], but this fact had not prevented agents from using weapons frequently in a wholly different manner.

As for the important decision to avoid "wasting time upon pitiful, picayunish, non-commercial cases" and to concentrate on "commercial manufacture and commercial transportation": over a period of some years a steady succession of statements had been issued, affirming and reaffirming this same policy. As early as March, 1926, General Andrews had declared that he "did not want agents on small stuff," but wished them "to get at the big interests and the big sources of supply[27]." Still earlier, in December, 1925, Secretary Mellon announced that the Prohibition Bureau would "concentrate its efforts against the sources of supply of illegitimate alcoholic beverages and against the organized traffic[28]." Two years before this, in October, 1923, Major Haynes deplored a policy of wasting time on anything save "the larger conspiracy violations and border problems[29]." As early as January, 1921, on the first anniversary of prohibition, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue had insisted that for the Bureau to attempt to deal with cases involving minor violations "would be an unreasonable undertaking[30]."

This was the background of the enforcement program which now appeared in 1929. If the various plans which it proposed had all been used before, and had all achieved so little that by this time the public had forgotten they were tried, it was not because these plans lacked merit as ideas. The trouble was that they had been fatally handicapped in practice by the performance of men in public office, by lack of funds and by opposition to the law.

It was on January 13, 1930, in the tenth month of the new Administration, that Mr. Wickersham's Law Enforcement Commission reappeared as a factor in the situation, with a formal report submitted to the President and in turn submitted by the President to Congress. This report mirrored the interest of the country in the problem of prohibition. Though the commission now had "all law" as its field of inquiry, its first

24. *Associated Press dispatch*, Washington, June 17, 1921.

25. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, p. 1433.
26. *New York Times*, October 11, 1927.
27. *New York Times*, March 12, 1926.
28. *New York Times*, December 11, 1925.
29. *New York Times*, October 14, 1923.
30. *New York Times*, January 16, 1921.

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report dealt with enforcement of the Volstead Act to the exclusion of all other questions.

There were four proposals in this first report. The commission recommended a codification of the various prohibition statutes which had been enacted over a period of forty years. It urged the importance of enacting new legislation to reenforce the padlock provisions of the Volstead Act, since experience had shown that these provisions could be easily evaded. It recommended that in the interest of efficient enforcement of the law the Prohibition Bureau be transferred from the Treasury Department to the Department of Justice.

This was the same proposal which had first been recommended more than ten years before this time, in June, 1919, by the Secretary of the Treasury[31]; recommended again in 1920 by another Secretary of the Treasury; recommended for a third time in 1924 by the Senior Circuit Judges of the country; and consistently opposed through these years by the most active friends of prohibition. To transfer the Prohibition Bureau to the Department of Justice, the Anti-Saloon League had insisted, would be to jeopardize the whole experiment with national prohibition "by creating more opportunities to shift responsibility and to pass the buck[32]." If the Anti-Saloon League had subsequently changed its mind it was presumably because it was now prepared to accept a change which pegged the hope of enforcement on a new objective.

Over these first three proposals, when they appeared in the report of the Wickersham commission, there was little disagreement. The fourth proposal, however, encountered opposition. This was the plan for a change in the law to permit "casual or slight violations" to be handled in the courts without trial by jury.

It was natural that the commission should have found some special interest in this phase of the question of enforcement, not only because ten of its eleven members were either judges or lawyers but because the problem of congestion in the courts had stood out conspicuously since the first year of prohibition[33]. Now, in the tenth year, there was no sign of a let-up in prohibition cases. On the contrary, the number of criminal prosecutions begun by the Federal government reached a new all-time high at 56,786 during Mr. Hoover's first year in office[34]. At the end of this year, 18,690 cases were still listed as unfinished business[35]. Those which were settled had been settled principally by pleas of guilty. Less than seven per cent of these cases had come to trial[36]. "Bargain day" was still the accepted method of disposing of prohibition in the courts.

As might have been anticipated, the condition of court calendars varied substantially in different judicial districts. By use of the bargain day method or by virtue of a smaller number of cases, some courts had managed to keep their dockets clear. In October, 1929, approximately a month before the Wickersham commission filed its first report with the President, and three months before this report was submitted to Congress, the Senior Circuit Judges had made a survey of conditions in the different courts. They had found in some circuits—the first and fourth, for example—that "business is being satisfactorily attended to." They had found in other circuits, such as the fifth and ninth, that new judges were imperatively needed[37]. In the opinion of the Wickersham commission, however, there were "serious objections to multiplying courts." Moreover, bargain day itself was an "unseemly process[38]." The commission therefore proposed a new system of trials in petty cases before United States Commissioners, based on the following plan:

(1) If the accused person wished to plead guilty, well and good; the Commissioner would sentence him. (2) If he did not wish to plead guilty, the Commissioner would hear his case, file a report with the court and the court (still without benefit of jury) would render a verdict. (3) If, meantime, the accused person chose to take exception to the report of the Commissioner, he could do so by demanding (within three days' time) a trial by jury. (4) In this case, the district attorney could elect whether to go to trial on a minor offense or to start the case all over by accusing the defendant of a grave felony.

It was obvious that this plan placed wide powers of discretion in the hands of the district attorney. In effect, it gave him a club with which to persuade the defendant to acquiesce in the denial of a trial by jury. Whether this proposal was sound, whether it was more seemly or less seemly than the institution known as bargain day, whether the plan would relieve congestion in the courts or actually increase it, by creating a new system which might entail not one hearing but two or even three before a case was settled: these were questions destined to be debated for some months by the Wickersham commission and various competent and eager critics.

It was the plan for trials without jury which captured the headlines in the daily press and rapidly became identified in the public's mind as the program of the Wickersham commission. This was inevitable, since the plan was the one substantial change in existing law which the commission had chosen to recommend. Yet it is strange that emphasis on this one point should have managed so completely to obscure another section of this first report which dealt with more fundamental problems than punishment for "casual or slight violations." The boldest section of the report, in fact, seems on the whole to have been the section which attracted least attention, possibly because it failed to carry any recommendation to the President.

In a brief passage of four hundred and fifty words the Wickersham commission bluntly raised two formidable questions which it called "observance" and "enforcement."

Under "observance" the commission pointed out that the problem of enforcing prohibition in the United States could not be separated from "the large question of the views and habits of the American people with respect to private judgment as to statutes and regulations affecting their conduct." It was important to note "the divergencies of at-

31. *New York Times*, June 21, 1919.
32. *New York Times*, December 1, 1924; also November 28, 1924; May 29, 1921; April 5, 1921.
33. *New York Times*, June 18, 1920.
34. *Report of the Attorney General of the United States*, Fiscal year ended June 30, 1929, p. 29.
35. *Ibid.*
36. *Statistics Concerning Intoxicating Liquors*, United States Treasury Department, 1930, p. 70.
37. *New York Times*, October 7, 1929.
38. First report to the President, *New York Times*, January 14, 1930.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of November 29, 1950

The Sportswriters Guild, in a resolution passed at its November meeting, deplored the tendency of successful professional athletes to seek, on retirement, to develop their minds.

The eleventh volume of Mark Gilbert's "History of Our Times," to appear in January 1951, will be entitled "The Carpet-Bagger, the Prohibitionist and the Racketeer—Obsolete Figures in American History."

The Kepplefeller Foundation's forthcoming report will point out that increasingly large funds of many foundations are becoming available for the assistance of humanitarian and artistic projects now that 83 per cent of the financing of American colleges is accomplished by the direct and television profits of football.

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titude in different sections of the country" regarding prohibition. It was important to note the tradition of a "right of revolution" against laws attempting to regulate standards of private conduct. It was important to remember that majorities or large minorities of the American people had frequently chosen to disobey laws of which they disapproved: "We must not forget the many historical examples of large-scale public disregard of laws in our past."

Meantime, under "enforcement," the commission frankly confessed that the authority of the federal government had failed to keep pace with its responsibilities. Nine years of prohibition had developed "a staggering number of what might be called focal points of infection." To deal with a problem "of this size and spread," the government could draw only "on a portion of the personnel of three federal services, whose staffs aggregate about 23,000. Approximately one-tenth of this number is in the investigative section of the prohibition unit. Of the remaining 20,000, only a small proportion of the personnel is available for actual preventive and investigative work. The remainder is engaged in work far different from prohibition." To the commission the enormous gap between the responsibilities of the government and its small staff of 2,300 agents seemed too obvious for comment. "These figures," the commission said, "speak for themselves."

For a moment, the country was challenged to face the fact that if the appeals of three Presidents for loyal observance of the law had fallen on barren ground it was because of a deep-rooted conviction of the American people concerning private judgment of laws governing their private conduct and the sharp "divergencies of attitude in different sections" regarding prohibition. The country was challenged to face the fact that if no agency existed, powerful enough to overrule such opposition as was inherent in these sources, it was because no President and no Congress had been willing to go beyond a policy of quiet, orderly enforcement and accept responsibility for creating such an agency.

At this point, however, the commission stopped abruptly, followed the logic of its own argument no further and turned its attention to the problem of deciding whether bargain days or trials before United States Commissioners promised a better way of imposing sentences for casual violations. Having recognized that the attitude of the public was a fundamental factor in the enforcement of the law, and having recognized the total inadequacy of existing federal agencies of investigation and prosecution, the commission made no recommendations whatever on either of these points.

The one new proposal which it made was concerned not with the large problems of "observance" and "enforcement," but with the small problem of handling petty cases in the courts.

(To be continued)

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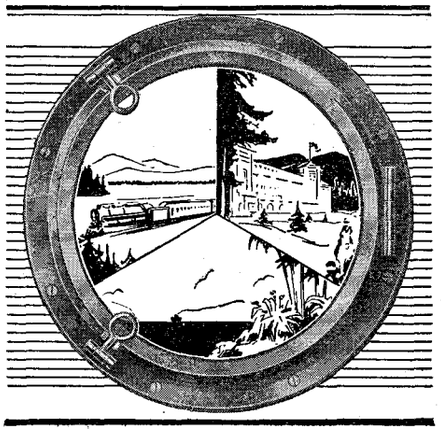

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There never has been such an opportunity to see foreign ports at such a small cost as now. ¶ During the next few months there will be a succession of cruises at prices far below the usual rates. Some have been lowered a few hundred dollars, others twenty or thirty, depending on the length of the cruise. ¶ To the West Indies or to the Mediterranean, the cost of winter holiday trips is the lowest in years. ¶ Make your reservations now. Take advantage of these unprecedented bargains! ¶ For suggestions and further information write to Mrs. Kirkland, *director:*

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU
120 E. 16TH ST. NEW YORK

With Our Readers

Jobs for Jobless

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: — *Johnstown, Pa.*

SIR—It is surely distressing to find a writer filling columns of the Outlook discussing the subject of unemployment without coming within gun-shot of the real cause and cure of the situation. If Louis Stark had set out with the avowed purpose of writing a lot and saying nothing pertinent to the subject under discussion he could not have accomplished it more cleverly. You call Mr. Stark "an authority on labor conditions" and say that he has set down the facts as he found them. They remind one of the facts to be found in the *World Almanac*. There is but one sad, apposite fact and that is we are economically sick and Mr. Stark instead of prescribing simply tells us how sick we are and that there have been a number of like epidemics in the history of this country.

Is this problem of unemployment insoluble? Have we reached an economic impasse? Surely not. Instead of statesmen in office we have demagogues who remouth the words of the overlords in business whom, in our sycophancy, we call captains of industry. All the proposed schemes such as farm relief, higher tariffs, restricted immigration, public works, charity and all the other childish attempts to hasten the return of prosperity by the artificial means of creating jobs will inevitably make matters worse.

There is no hope until it is fully recognized that no man was ever out of work, against his wishes, until government made him so. Enforced idleness is the fruit of law. Men can't work because the law will not let them. If a man attempts to employ himself he is warned not to trespass. The problem of work for all was solved by bees and birds and beavers before the advent of civilized man. These creatures are never out of work; but if two per cent of the bees owned ninety-eight per cent of the flowers, bees, like men today, would suffer from unemployment and starve amid plenty. Man, who prides himself as being the crowning glory of creation, is the only animal that can't employ himself.

All our physical wants are satisfied only by the use of the earth. Wealth is produced only by the application of labor to land. If our access to the earth is free and equal with all other men the making of a living will be the least of our concerns. Only when we sanction the institution of private property in land, thus empowering the landlord to charge for the use of the earth, do our troubles begin.

If we are unable or unwilling to pay the terms of the landlord we are forbidden to use the earth and unemployment is the result. And what are the usual terms upon which we may use the earth? Simply these: that the user shall pay in rent or purchase price everything more than a mere living for those who find employment upon that piece of land.

We need no more pictures of the bread lines in New York such as you print; your talk of a program "to create a popular psychology of optimism" is child's prattle. Will the Outlook meet this situation by giving its readers a really constructive, fundamental article on this serious matter of unemployment when millions of able-bodied man are eager to go to work and millions are hungry in a land of plenty?

A. H. SWOPE.

What Price Babies?

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: — *Wautoma, Wis.*

SIR—Please permit me to make answer to Darwin L. Teilhet who writes on "The Curse of White Collar Babies" in your issue of November 12.

A couple who cannot adequately rear and educate a family of at least six children on a salary of $5,000 a year (let alone $8,000) must be a pair of selfish simpletons.

There are plenty of families of Mayflower descendants in Wisconsin, the Middle West and on the Pacific coast, whose numerous youngsters have been well-clothed, fed and housed, sent to high school and college and have gone out into the business world exceptionally well-equipped both socially and intellectually, with the family income never reaching $8,000 per annum. And the *pater familias* never dealt with loan sharks to do it either . . . .

I could fill many pages with a list of the things which Mr. Teilhet's "William Chilton" and his wife could forego with distinct benefit to himself and family. If he must live in the city, it is true he needs an income of $3,000 or the but whatever he spends above that needlessly. In other words, he is explo sucker, by silly social customs, by idio or by prejudices and selfishness, or he v able to bring up and educate a family or four children most satisfactorily on come he has.

Borrowing $840 to take care of the e of having one baby is sheer idiocy. More half of that is overcharge for unnecessary fr $200 will pay for all that is needed in giving little one a perfect reception, if the paren exercise the common sense and judgment tha people of their sort are supposed to have. The whole article is ridiculous, from this viewpoint.

HUBERT E. COTTON.

On Voting Wet

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: — *Washingto*

SIR—In making anti-prohibition the prime factor in the recent election, it seems that the Outlook was as fanatical as those who clamor for its enforcement even against the growing unrest and evident disillusionment of masses of temperance people. The main issue—good government only attainable through legislative backing of the Administration—has been obscured and a political muddle evolved. Desirable as the revocation of the Eighteenth Amendment may be, this was too heavy a price to pay for its furtherance and the next two years promise to bring a realization of this mistake to many who have disrupted party organization and put private opinion in opposition to disciplined cooperation.

Our ballots should be cast for men and measures rather than personal preferences, and the end is not yet. To make haste slowly is the part of wisdom.

MARY D. COLVOCORESSES.

Getting Rid of Bootleggers

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: — *Lincoln, Neb.*

SIR—Would not the manufacture and sale by the federal government of liquors at cost, under reasonable restrictions, enhance temperance and at the same time restore personal liberty for all concerned?

Would not the saloon keeper, or bootlegger, thus unable to make any profit, keep out of the business?

Would not the incentive for adulteration also be abolished?

Would not the cause be removed from much drinking by citizens who are challenging the infringement of their individual freedom?

Would not such manufacture and sale be in estimably cheaper for the people?

Would it not be the wiser choice, if prohibition is to be modified?

WILLIS HUDSPETH.

Insulting the Customers

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: — *Albany, Wis.*

SIR—A magazine that recommends the election of any man because he is dripping wet insults the intelligence of an electorate. It is more than that, it is *prima facie* evidence of a relative failure of democracy. Surely the right of a man to act unwisely if he wishes should not enter into a reason for the political retirement of such a man as Walsh of Montana, conceded by even his enemies to be honest, a true patriot, and a statesman. Surely the Outlook can do better than become the organ of the radical wets. You laud a middle course, but you do not follow it. Why not be moderate as you ask us to be and as most of us are?

Why not take up a constructive course? Neither yourselves nor any other liquor organ have shown any reason why a repeal would lessen any present evil whatever. When you forbid a child from playing with fire, do you give him matches and gasoline?

We are all alike in our knowledge of the subject. It is bounded by our personal observation and experience. But I do know this: that in spite of the business depression, the children in our graded and our high schools are far better clothed and far better fed than in the old days for which so many long.

P. M. WILLIS.

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